The Tinder Date [On Indefinite Hiatus]

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The Tinder Date [On Indefinite Hiatus]

by APastandFutureNerd

Summary

Will Graham uses Tinder for the first time as he is talked into it by his friend Alana. It is late at night when he decides to give it a try because he has trouble falling asleep and feels frustrated. As he swiped through the profiles he accidentally adds a certain Hannibal to his desired matches. When he looks at the pictures of the man, he immediately falls for him and fantasizes about all sorts of things. He discovers he has some kinks .Both men are fascinated by each other when they meet for the first time. But Will does not know what mess he gets himself into when he decides to date him and is conflicted because of that one night and his newly discovered preferences. How will he deal with his feelings towards the psychiatrist and how does Hannibal who can't stand rudeness?

On indefinite hiatus

Notes

This is a fic I have deleted some time ago but I figured the existing fourteen chapters I had written should not rot on my computer.

I have a writer’s block on my multi-chapter stories and kind of lost my confidence, the motivation and the ideas to continue them. The spark, which always accompanied me, is gone. Sorry to keep you waiting so long.

One day I will be back, when it returns. When that happens, I can’t tell you. Maybe in a few months or in a few years. Who knows? Thanks for reading, liking and commenting, though 💕 It means the world to me. Sorry for letting you down, but that’s the way it is right now.

I’ve learned not to start any WIPs on AO3 anymore.

So, bear that in mind when you read one of my unfinished stories.

Please stay healthy and safe.

Love you all.

It’s A Match

Wolf Trap Virginia, 2 am

It was just another rainy and lonely night at Will Graham's house in Wolf Trap Virginia in the middle of nowhere. He was lying in bed, listening to the sound of the rain outside, to the raindrops hitting against the windows, pouring down on the roof, the wind howling while cuddling firmly into his blanket. For a while, he had been trying to fall asleep but his empathetic mind wouldn't shut off no matter how hard he tried. It was nearly 2 AM and he started feeling frustrated and lonely. Not even jerking off to pictures and videos on the internet would help. Sighing in desperation, the young man got up to fetch a glass of whiskey and his smartphone. Maybe it was finally time to find a suitable partner as one of his colleagues, Alana Bloom, had suggested. She recommended him downloading a dating app for she knew he was not very good at socializing at parties. For a moment he looked at the dogs - they were all sleeping peacefully. He smiled.

"Alright then." He took a sip of the whiskey and retreated back into this bed, making himself comfortable before turning on the smartphone. He opened the dating app and entered his personal information. First his name, his age and for some moments he hesitated before deciding on preferences. Actually he felt that he was not so sure about his sexual preferences sometimes. He remembered the time in his teenage years when he had been interested in a boy at school but he never wanted to make this admission because he had always been harassed for being the soft boy. Besides, his father who raised him up on his own was not very open-minded, always judging other people all the time,shouting after people who looked different to him when he was drunk. Will's father had been scary in that state and he never wanted to see this nasty side lash out on him. He always obeyed and tried to be as conventional and normal as his father expected him to be.Regardless in which aspects of life he was as conservative and rigid in his values as one from the lower working class could be - just like many of the mechanics working at the dockyards. There was only one way to live according to him and it was the traditional family life. No room for other views in his mind and Will had to bear it. These experiences shaped his behaviour and perception of himself, he knew it but never bothered to question or even change it, pushing into out of his mind for so long just to please his father.

After minutes of contemplation he shook it off, pushing these stinging memories into the back of his mind again and just entered "Interested in women" in the blank line before he continued to fill in the section "Profession" After all of his unsuccessful dates in the past, he knew that mentioning his job as cop or detective working in homicide was not popular among potential partners and he totally understood why. No one would like to be together with someone who could possibly be killed doing his job. But maybe it would work this time. Who knew. Some time passed before finally moving on to the "About me" section. This would take a longer time. He sighed again before he decided to write spontaneously:

"Dog lover. Likes to fish, play the piano occasionally and fix boat motors."

The last step was to upload a decent profile picture. He was randomly scrolling through the camera feed in his smartphone but as he wasn't so keen on taking self-portraits like other people he knew, there were only one two that portrayed him really well. On one of them he stood next to his dogs before his little house, dressed in a flannel shirt, the first buttons opened, revealing a bit of his upper body while bowing down to his dogs, petting them, looking happy and more or less relaxed. The other picture showed him with his hands crossed above his chest, grinning but his eyes slightly closed, caught in a slightly embarrassing moment in front of the academy. These photographs must have been taken by Alana, he thought and his heart paining a little for he had fallen in love with her but she rejected him for a woman she fell in love with. And so he had been on his own again after some time of wasted courtship.

Will uploaded the pictures and arranged in them in the order he believed them to be the best and then started nervously swiping through the first matches, not knowing what to look for to be honest. Swipe for swipe and no woman really sparked his interest, either not looking appealing or charming enough, lack of personal information or living way too far away from him. Even during dating he could not stop analysing and profiling each and every one of them, making him quite judgmental and picky, gathering some information he wished he had not. When he was about to give up, cursing himself for even doing this, he made a fatal mistake. Instead of swiping to the left to reject the match, he accidentally swiped to the right. Holy shit. He was terrified for a second, jolting upright when he realised it, his heartbeat increasing rapidly, rendering him fully awake. He gasped as he saw the picture of the man he accidentally added to his desired matches. Will frowned. How on earth could that happen? The algorithm of the app was obviously not that precise. Yet most of the time it was the fault of humans and not the one of artificial intelligence. Slightly annoyed with himself he checked the settings. No, they were correct.

Anyway, here he was. Fuck, he had never seen anyone so attractive and mesmerising before. He felt as if he was drawn back into a different time again. When he looked at that face of the timid boy at college for the first time.It took minutes until he could tear his gaze away from the elegantly dressed man with his carefully combed slick hair, the prominent cheekbones and the dark captivating eyes that were so intense as if they could look right through your soul. After lingering on the pictures for quite a while he now read the captions on his profile.

Hannibal, 44

"Keen interest in the masterclass of culinary arts. Also an avid fan of classical music, literature, art and everything aesthetically pleasing. Loves to draw and play the harpsichord. Occasional biker. Open to any kind of relationships and activities but please don't be rude."

The last one made Will cringe and frown a little bit, a vague indeterminable dark feeling creeping over him.What kind of guy was he?

In this carefully chosen profile picture, the man was standing in front of a book-shelf with two statues of a horse and a stag to the left and some books on the right side. He was wearing a grey-ish three-piece suit with checked pattern, a blue shirt and a tie. Damn, this was very old-fashioned and out of place but somehow he liked it. It was sensual and subtle. His eyes were distant, yet a slight smile curled around his lips as though he was completely

aware of his charming presence. In another picture, the man was dressed in black biker clothes, completely made of leather, which made him look even hotter, seducing, asserting a certain kind of dominance in every way. The tight jacket outlined his wonderful and athletic upper body but the most arousing part of his appearance was his firm ass, perfectly shaped and well presented in the leather pants.

Will started breathing heavily, noticing his cock hardening against his boxer shorts, throbbing, his body heat increasing. Why was he already obsessed with him? His mind was on fire, preparing an analytical ambush but he could not draw any derisive conclusions like before which excited him even more.

Ping.The notification of the app informed him that he had a match. Not with any of the girls he had liked but with that man.He stopped breathing. No. This had to be a mistake. The young man closed his eyes and wished it was a dream but it wasn't. Another ping and he received a direct message. Why would he message him so quickly? This was getting creepy as fuck. For a moment he considered telling him it was all a mistake and that he was sorry.

"Hello Will."

Some minutes passed by before he dared to write an answer.

"Hello, Hannibal."

"I see that we have matched although your preferences are different. Was that a mistake, perhaps? Though I hope it is not. I like your pictures. You are handsome."

Oh god. He covered his face with his hands. What on earth was he going to answer to that? Will blushed deeply red, his heart hammering in his chest, before finally finding the courage to reciprocate his interest.

"Sorry, I'm new to this dating app stuff. Haven't done this before. And thank you."

"At your age? I find it difficult to believe. And you still haven't answered my question. Are you interested in dating men?"

"I never really tried it. I'm a bit old school and hate social media. And yes honestly it was a mistake at first. The app got it wrong. "

"I thought that I was old-fashioned. But I like your attitude. It's refreshing to find someone equally abstinent to social media .

"It's a shame that you don't date men. It would have been a pleasure for me to meet you. "

Will's heart sank for a moment and he frowned.He needed to fix this. For reasons unknown to himself he wanted to continue this conversation despite his hunch. Usually he wouldn't admit any of this stuff to anyone but his fingers were making the decision for him. He had no other choice. Damn. He quickly wrote:

"Actually I do. It's complicated. "

"Oh, I see. Now you got me very curious. May I ask why that changed all of a sudden?"

"I liked your pictures and feel attracted to you.That's why."

God, luckily that man couldn't see him right now.

"Thank you.I feel flattered to have awoken your interest again."

"I see that you are currently working at the FBI Academy in Quantico.Very interesting ."

"You think so? Haven't heard that from anyone in a very long time.What is your job?"

"I am fascinated by the way investigators think and work to protect the people in this country. I'm a psychiatrist. Hope you don't mind? "

Will paused, slightly taken back. He disliked psychiatrists because they usually have the bad habit of over analyzing his mind, dissecting it like he was a test object. Alana was a good example, always using her "professional curiosity" as an excuse. It drove him insane.

"Okay, thank you. Nothing personal but I think we better stop right here. "

"Why?"

"Bad experience."

Why did everyone he was interested him have to work in that field? He gritted his teeth in frustration.

"You really don't like people getting into your head, don't you? I imagine what you see and learn touches everything else in your mind.“

"Please don't psychoanalyze me. You won't like me when I'm psychoanalyzed, I can tell you that."

"I'm sorry. Sometimes I really can't shut my mind off just like you can't shut off yours. Maybe we can talk tomorrow if you feel better. Else I am going to delete our match. Sleep well."

Will decided not to answer. He closed the app and put his smartphone on the table, lying flat on his back. What the hell was he even expecting? He was always drawing them to him, no matter what he did. Seems like he had to stay alone, he thought bitterly, his heart aching. Fuck everything. Turning around he tried to find sleep for the rest of the night. Maybe he would really try again tomorrow. But it didn't work. He had the picture of that man in his leather clothes burned in his mind while his cock was throbbing so hard it nearly hurt. The teacher closed his eyes, giving himself fully up into his active imagination, while wrapping his fingers around his cock, sliding his fingers up and down, his grip becoming harder, the movements more intense. Moans and gasps left his mouth.

He imagined sitting on the lap of his new acquaintance, being stripped naked piece by piece.Hannibal first unbuttoned his shirt, threw it to the ground before he pulled him against

his chest, breathing hard into his ear, licking his earlobes until it made Will moan full of arousal. "You are a dirty boy", he imagined him hissing, his dark eyes shining with lust. Then he kissed and bit Will in the neck, nibbling at his most sensitive spot causing him to gasp. "Get up", he commanded. Will obeyed willingly, now standing before him, ready to do anything for him. The man unzipped his trousers slowly as if he was teasing him, enjoying the impatient and aroused look on Will's face. With a single determined movement, he pulled his trousers down, including the boxer shorts. Another gasp escaped his mouth and he was now standing naked, unshielded before him, submissive and obedient, ready to serve. He felt the man's eyes staring longingly at his body, at his swollen cock before he started to remove his own pants, just enough for him to expose his dick and ass, pulling the trousers down to the knees. Will took in the sight of it longingly, breathing heavily. It was beautiful. The man felt his hungry stare wandering down, grinning devilishly. He wanted to touch him so badly and stretched out his hands but was stopped by the firm hands of Hannibal who was now pushing him down to his knees, grabbing him bis his hair and shoulders. "Not so fast" , he muttered, his eyebrows raised. "Come on, say it. Call me by my name."Will looked up to him and whispered: "Daddy."The man smiled, pleased with him and seemingly aroused."You better obey your Daddy." and gave him a slap on his booty. Will groaned. He loved that. He then felt Hannibal pushing his head towards his cock and Will took him with his greatest pleasure. Oh how good it felt to take him in his mouth. Hannibal groaned, watching him intently and with the greatest satisfaction in his eyes, muttering "Faster", giving him another slap on the ass.

Will sped up, letting Hannibal thrust his cock deeper and deeper until he nearly gagged. "Oh, yes." Hannibal groaned. "Good boy", trembling above, coming closer to the climax. Without a warning, he pulled out and came violently, spreading his cum all over Will's face."

Will twitched and shook in his bed, breathing and moaning heavily, drenched in sweat when his orgasm hit him hard. A wave of euphoria swept through his body while he fantasized about his submissive blow job. He squirted his seed all over the bed but didn't bother about it. Oh damn. That was an intense experience. He lay awake, flushed red, embarrassment creeping up in him and finally the feeling of exhaustion hit his eye lids and he immediately fell asleep.

A New Opportunity

The next day Will felt so sore and tired, nearly regretting his decision to stay awake that long. When the alarm clock rang, his limbs felt so heavy he couldn't move them at all at first. After several minutes he finally managed to get up and move into the shower, enjoying the hot water running down his body. And again some naughty fantasies about that man caused him to be horny again. He closed his eyes and gritted his teeth, breathing hard, trying to push the thoughts and arousal from his mind, while shampooing his hair and putting shower gel on his body.

He had to do something about it and he was going to talk to that man on Tinder again, he swore to himself. It couldn't hurt to at least meet him once. Maybe a good one night stand and rough sex could help him to overcome his sexual frustration and restlessness. If that man was up to that. It didn't have to be a relationship for he felt he was not his equal.

When he came out of the shower, his smartphone started vibrating. Will couldn't suppress his curiosity and looked at the screen where the app said: " You have 1 new message." His heart was racing, his hands shaking when he unlocked the screen and read the message despite being completely naked.

"Good morning, Will."

It had been sent thirty minutes ago.He hurried to type. Hannibal was not online anymore , probably deciding on ending the chat. Will hurried to type a response before it was too late.

"Good morning, Hannibal. I am sorry for yesterday night. I was rude."

Will hoped inwardly that the man forgave him his rough words he wrote last night. But knowing that he had pushed many people with his behaviour away from him, he feared for the worst.

He hastily added:

”Let's meet. I wanna get to know you."

Then he hurried to put on a new boxer short, a jeans, another flannel shirt and his grey jacket he would always wear for his lessons at Quantico. Now and then he glanced anxiously at his smartphone in silent expectation but it stayed silent. Fine, he thought to himself slightly disappointed and resigned, getting his stuff ready, feeding his dogs before leaving, petting them warmly. At least they would never disappoint him.

During the lecture he had difficulties in staying focussed, hoping none of the agents in training would notice his distress. But apparently everything went well because they were listening intently and taking notes of his explanations. Usually time passed by pretty fast, but today it felt like it would last an eternity until his scheduled lectures were over. When the students left the class room,he quickly grabbed his smartphone he had put in flight mode before to avoid embarrassment and waited in suspension for some seconds after turning on

mobile data again. He breathed deeply, sat on his desk at the back of the class room and with a sideway glance he made sure that no one could watch.

There were no new messages.

Will sighed. So he had pissed off the man and he decided to delete their match. This day was one of the shittier ones. Time to grab some food in the city, some groceries before heading back to his little sanctuary and walking with his dogs. He headed back to the car, but before he could open the door, Alana stood in front of him, smiling.

"Hey, Will. How are you?" She said warmly,beaming at him. Why on earth did she bother him again? He felt good establishing a distance towards her since she started a new relationship and was glad about not having to talk to her. He gave her a polite smile, saying "Hello Alana. Good, thank you. Business as usual. Just gave some lectures but I'm fine. And you? Everything alright with you and your new girlfriend?" He said, faking interest as well as he could. "Yes, thanks. We're both doing great." He nodded, smiling a bit nervously, avoiding eye contact. "To what do I owe you the pleasure?" Will asked, a bit curious why she would contact him again. She shrugged her shoulders." Nothing particular, really. I just wanted to ask whether you already tried out the dating app I told you about a while ago?" Her eyes were fixed on him in teasing curiosity. His heart sank. Of course she wanted to know. Trying to conceal his frustration from the conversation he had last night, he answered: "Yeah, I have. But so far there's no big news." He paused before feeding her a little lie. " I'll probably have a date in the next days but it's not sure yet."

She opened her mouth in surprise. "Oh wow. That sounds promising though. " "We'll see what happens" Will said, shrugging his shoulders nervously.

In this exact moment, his smartphone vibrated. Ping.

You have 2 new messages.

Will winced at the sound of his smartphone."Sorry, Alana, I have to be on my way now" he said, taking a few steps back from her, making his way to the parking lot. She smiled again, knowingly then making way for him. "Give me a call when there's some news" she called, smiling broadly, then turning her back on him. He got into his car but before he fastened the seatbelt and started the engine, he had to read the messages he received.

" Apology accepted. Though I am indeed surprised you changed your mind. May I ask why?"

"Dinner at 7.30 pm at my place?"

It was as if the weight of the world had fallen from his shoulders though he couldn't help himself feeling a bit uncomfortable being invited at his home for the first date. His voice of reason, a little archangel in his mind told him not to do it but he wasn't thinking rationally now.

"Don't do this, Will. It could be dangerous."

" I am curious. I want to get to know you. 7.30 pm sounds fine. Address, please?"

" That was unexpected. But I am glad. I will send you the address to your phone number. Is that okay?"

Will hesitated for a moment then shared his phone number with him. Some minutes later he received a message from Hannibal with his address. He frowned.Baltimore was a long drive from Wolf Trap, Virginia.

"Don't be late. "

"I won't be. See you tonight."

Will chuckled to himself before his anxiety kept creeping back into his mind. He had absolutely no idea where this would be going and why he was doing this. But well. A short glance at his watch and he startled. Damn, he didn't have much time left and he need to take care of some things.

Baltimore, Maryland, 12 hours ago

Hannibal Lecter sat in in his luxurious bed room , dressed in an elegant silken pyjama, enjoying a glass of wine while reading a book. He loved being on his own most of the time because he dreaded the company of common and narrow-minded people who did not savour the beauty of art and life like he did.So far he had not met anyone who was like him. Most of the time he got bored with people very easily which resulted in their death, often being incorporated in one of his delicious meals.

Sometimes though although he didn't want to admit it there was a painful emptiness in his chest which he dreaded more than anything but wouldn't acknowledge to anyone. And there was this sexual tension which he also wouldn't like to confess to by any chance. He never really gave much thought about finding an adequate partner in the past but this thought was often in his mind nowadays.

When he was alone with his thoughts at night, he often fantasized about possessing someone who would be submissive and obedient. Who would obey to him regardless what he wished to do to him. He wanted to feel power and assert dominance, to claim and feel the thrill of it.Sometimes he invited strangers to his place for his fun but it always ended up being the same - and them being dead when he was bored with them.

For a moment he put this book aside and sighed. If he could only meet that someone he really could share his pleasures with. But it seemed that this was a mission impossible in this world.

Ping. His smartphone on the other side of the bedroom made a sound. He startled. Maybe there was an opportunity to do something for his pleasure again. He stood up and went to retrieve his smartphone from the night stand, then went back to bed.

" You have 1 new match"

Some time ago he convinced himself to look for adequate prey on this dating app everyone else seemed to be into nowadays. It was indeed a good platform to choose nice toys and playthings - he didn't consider the people there more than that, as ordinary as they were.

Hannibal opened the app and checked on the man he had a match with. He raised his eyebrows, slightly amused but also intrigued when he scrolled through his profile. A man called Will, 33 years old. For a moment he was awestruck when he looked at the pictures and felt his heart stop. This man was beautiful . His face was perfect, as if he was a male model. His mouth. Oh, what he would do to it if he could. If it weren't for the distasteful clothes but these were the least of his worries. And then the submissive energy he radiated - he would do good as a sub, if he wanted to, Hannibal was very sure of that.

His mouth curled into a twisted smile when he saw that he was an FBI employee. Very interesting indeed. What an ironic coincidence. Oh the fun he could have corrupting this FBI agent by seducing him into things of his own world this innocent looking man did not know. He could bring him into an embarrassing position if he needed to, should he ever get behind who he really was.

Hannibal got aroused by the thought of having him crawl naked on his knees with a choker around his neck through his house, having him taste him, suck his cock on his knees, making him obey every command. And Will would do so willingly. He saw him handcuffed to the bed, his legs spread wide, his blue innocent eyes begging him for release, for his orgasm, calling him „Daddy" all the time. Him turning dear Will on his back, spanking him, when he dared to be cheeky, fucking him into his beautiful ass, until he was senseless and sore, hearing him scream his name when Hannibal finally allowed him to orgasm after teasing him using his hands and some toys.

All consensual of course. The man was already too precious to him to do any of these things to him without him asking for it. He considered it rude to force himself onto someone. Closing his eyes when imagining the whole scenario, he allowed himself to indulge in his arousal, gasping, trembling and twitching before he came and relaxed.

Fate finally showed him the way.

Hannibal made up his mind. He was curious what would happen and texted him to see how he would react. He was surprised to receive an answer at this late hour - it seemed to him that poor Will was a little desperate. Surprisingly he didn't decline his request and answered honestly to his questions - even to the more intimate question about dating men. He admired his honesty and forgave him the rough and rude reaction when he told him he was a psychiatrist. That poor boy must have had suffered some amateurs fumbling around in his head , scrambling his mind without any valid purpose. Hannibal Lecter could sense he was a highly empathetic and intelligent young man.

Otherwise he couldn't explain himself this rejecting reaction and the following retreat. Usually he would have had tracked, killed and eaten that person daring to be that rude to him and maybe he would do that one day to Will if he continued to be like that - but now he was too eager about the events that might unfold.

Anticipation

Baltimore, Maryland, 7.30 am

Early in the morning, Hannibal looked at his phone again but Will had not replied to his message. Yesterday night he had told him that he would delete their conversation and end the match if Will wouldn't show any reaction or consent, thus pressuring him into making a decision. His finger were now drumming nervously on his phone, waiting for a message that said he had thought it over. It has been a long time since he had been so curious and excited for a potential date in the first place.

But his phone didn't vibrate or emit any other noise hinting he would have got a message.

The man contemplated for a moment, still lying in bed. Should he dissolve this match and let this unique opportunity run through his fingers like water or should he give him another chance? Actually he felt kind of irritated being ignored like this but maybe Will wasn't awake yet.

Before he knew what he was doing, he simply sent him a short message, wishing him a good morning. If he was not going to reply to that message later, he would simply forget about their conversation. Then he got up, making his way into his luxurious bathroom with the large shower and the marvellous white marble walls and floor.

Hannibal closed his eyes standing in the shower, while imagining having Will in here before breakfast, him being pressed against the wall, spread out legs and moaning.The young man let out all kind of naughty sounds and leaned back against his hardened cock, greased with lube, being ready to get fucked. He turned his head over his shoulder, looking at him sideways with his beautiful blue eyes, pleading: "Fuck me, Daddy" to which he happily consented and purred, while carefully pressing forward.

Hannibal smiled to himself while lingering in that fantasy for a moment longer before he released his morning erection, then getting himself ready for the day. His patient Franklyn would arrive at 10 am and he still had to prepare breakfast. Trying hard not to check his phone now and then, he got up, went to the large wardrobe and selected the clothes he would wear for today. In the evening he would probably choose something more elegantly to make a decent impression on Will though he was always well dressed.

Ping. „You have 2 new messages."

His smartphone rang again. But Hannibal left his phone in the room, walking into the kitchen to prepare breakfast and then making himself mentally ready for the rather exhausting patient he was about to receive. But he made a good batch of money from the sessions as it was one of the wealthier patients so he would have to endure it.

During the session he just couldn't help himself, his thoughts always circling around his new obsession, continuing to fantasize in his mind palace about different scenarios, barely listening to what Franklyn had to say to him. Usually he was always in control but today he

feared that Franklyn might have noticed something was off which he noticed in his slightly sceptical looks.“Are you alright, Doctor Lecter? Franklyn asked distrustfully and slightly offended. “You didn’t seem to pay attention to what I was just saying right now.”Hannibal took a deep breath before he answered. He couldn’t wait until the evening. Time was torturing him. “I am sorry, Franklyn. It seems that even psychiatrists do not always have a great day.”

His neurotic patient hesitated for a moment, slightly bemused.” I’m sorry for that. I really am. But I can’t help myself and wonder. Do I bore you?” Hannibal smiled politely at him then replied gently: “No, not at all. I am listening and we can talk about whatever you want to talk about.” He gave him an encouraging gesture. “Please go on.” After that he made sure Franklyn wouldn’t notice again that he was totally absent-minded. He scolded himself for being that obvious and careless - he had always excelled at keeping his inner thoughts and emotions from his face- why didn’t it work now?

Oh Will. If he knew what an impact he had on him. He would love to punish him for that even though it was not his fault. After talking about unrequited friendship and the pain that came with it, the feeling of loneliness next to Franklyn’s earliest childhood memories to get close to the core of the problem, the hour was finally over and Hannibal felt relieved. But Franklyn was not really in a hurry get up and leave, he would always linger for a moment, trying to take more of Hannibal’s time, desperately seeking his affection.

“I’m sorry, Franklyn but unfortunately another patient is waiting for me.” Hannibal said to him, trying to be as polite as possible.“I just wondered if you were free tonight” Franklyn burst out all of a sudden before he knew what was coming out of his mouth. “Hannibal said nothing but waited for an apology which followed promptly. “Sorry” Franklyn said when he didn’t get an answer he hoped for. “I surely don’t have to remind you that it would be an unethical breach of our doctor-patient relationship?” Hannibal finally said, escorting him to the door. Knowing that there was nothing else to be said, Franklyn finally left, looking mortified and a bit sad.

When he finally closed the door, Hannibal took a deep breath. This patient challenged his whole framework of self-control sometimes and he needed to make a referral sooner or later. His therapy didn’t work right anyway because he was too focussed on his therapist instead of himself.Whatever. His next patients were way easier to handle. But before he received his next one he went to check his smartphone for a new message of Will. And he was not disappointed. He smirked at the anxiety in the hastily typed words. His strategy of giving him the choice obviously worked and he was feeling much better now. Before inviting his next patient into the room , he messaged him that he wanted to invite him for dinner at his home in the evening. Hannibal was already excited for his reaction because who would come to the house of a stranger for the first date? Seemingly pleased with himself, he got ready for his next session, optimistic that Will would say yes to his suggested date.

Wolf Trap Virginia, 6 pm

Having cleaned his living room and the kitchen absentmindedly to distract himself from his inner emotional chaos, the afternoon had passed by very fast. It was nearly time to make the

drive to Hannibal Lecter's home in Baltimore for it was a rather long drive because of the horrendous traffic in the evening and he didn't want to make a bad impression on the first date. His nervousness made him forget things he needed to do, put stuff in places where it didn't belong and he almost stumbled upon one of his dogs. Will quickly bowed down to Buster to apologize, petting him lovingly. Afterwards he made sure that his dogs were fed. Taking a glance at his smartphone, Will realized he didn't have enough time to buy some adequate clothes for his date which would have been a suit. But screw that now.

He rummaged in his drawer for any suitable more or less elegant shirt and decided for a red cotton line shirt - one of his better ones. Why didn't he have an elegant jacket at hand? Sometimes he hated himself for his scruffiness. After a while he finally found his black one. The last time he had worn this jacket had been on a funeral and he didn't associate many good memories wearing it. So maybe it was about time to give it a new meaning? For a moment he contemplated on whether to quickly get another shower. But why?

He didn't intend to *fuck* him on the first date so he probably didn't need to bother thinking about it. Or did he? His heart started racing again at the thought, yet still he had the vague feeling that the man he was about to meet was very thorough and judgmental about appearances. Sighing, he quickly undressed and went in for a short shower again before putting on his best clothes he could find. In the bathroom he looked into the mirror, carefully shaving his beard with his razor blade, until he found himself looking acceptable. Then he opened up the bottle of aftershave, smelled on it for a second before putting it on. What choice did he have anyway? He rinsed his face with cold water after shaving the beard and dried his face gently with a towel before putting on some drops of the aftershave on his palm, waiting until the alcohol had evaporated, then massaged it softly onto his pale skin. He let his hair dry during the drive, there was no time to waste anymore.With a last checking glance to the dogs he turned to the door and left.

Approximately one and a half hour later he stood at the doorstep of the home of Hannibal Lecter and rang the bell, going weak at his knees, losing control over his body before the door finally opened.

The moment their eyes met, Will had the distinct feeling that the orbit of his world in which he decided to live shifted its way drastically, his planet coming to a halt, just to be sucked inevitably into a black hole. He stood there, slightly frowning, his eyes staring at the man in disbelief. He was screwed. Oh damn."You must be Will?" The charming and elegant man said in his deep warm and enchanting voice to poor nervous Will, who could not utter a word at first, only nodding shyly, still fixing the man with his shocked gaze whose maroon eyes were fixed on him in curiosity. If he was nervous then he hid it quite well,he thought to himself. "Come in, don't let me wait" Hannibal said to him smiling , yet also in a slightly commanding way, opening the door further to allow him enter his home, throwing side glances at him, while Will passed him by slowly, avoiding eye contact whenever possible. He didn't notice that Hannibal's eyes were wandering down his back longingly and that he was taking in the scent of his aftershave with his nose.

The Freudian Slip

When Will stood at the door of his home, Hannibal felt like time was coming to a halt even if only for seconds. The man with the beautiful blue-green eyes, the curly, brown hair, dampness of the shower still clinging to it, looked at him, completely lost in his anxiety and though Hannibal gave his best to maintain his composure after the disastrous morning, the emotions that hit the yet cool and controlled man were far more intense than he imagined to be. His inner world order he built up so neatly had rearranged partly into chaos and the reason for that was this scruffy man from Wolf Trap Virginia.

Smiling, he invited the attractive man into his home and Hannibal sensed he was slightly intimidated by his appearance and the way of living his house presented. When Will passed him by he avoided his eye contact.Another sign of submissiveness. He would love to dwell on it. And he who would maintain composure all the time would look now at his back until the eyes fell on his booty. Then he smelled him.The scent of shampoo, shower gel and a very cheap aftershave mingled up with Will's own smell in the air. Interesting, yet the aftershave was appalling. He was definitely going to buy him a new one which he would make him wear as soon has they had set the rules for their fantasies. In fact he could imagine himself being his benefactor or what others would call a "sugar daddy" even though he was too old for being his little boy. Trying to conceal his excitement as well as possible, his face retreating into a neutral curious expression he followed the young man to the living room.

Will admired his living room which was vast but also very moody and historic. The tapestry on the walls were painted in green, the patterns old-fashioned and clearly held in baroque style, the fine wooden old table in front of the fireplace crafted from the best wood, expensive and carefully selected. Two green velvet armchairs stood at the entrance of the room. At the whole, the meticulous combination of decor and furniture gave off some dark vibes of an era long gone. Yet everything seemed to fit to Hannibal's personality he presented to Will on the pictures. Especially the paintings on the wall and the statue of the stag's head mounted above the fireplace caught the younger man's attention.

Hannibal stood beside him, in the middle of the room after leaving the entrance, enjoying the sight of the younger man's awed face, his beautiful mouth hanging open, taking in everything,seemingly impressed but also being analytical. This was his job after all, Hannibal thought and wondered how long this would go well until he had a glimpse through the person suit he was wearing by going through his rooms. But this was a dangerous game he was risking to play willingly for the thrill and for good sex.

To break the awkward silence his guest said: "Wow, you have quite the nice home here." To this he replied smiling,searching for eye contact. "Thank you very much. It took me a long time to gather everything together. " Will was still too shy to look at him after the first glare outdoors. "You're not particularly fond of eye-contact, aren't you?" The younger man answered hesitantly in his innocent, slightly higher pitched voice as usual while feeling a little uncomfortable standing so close to him. "Eyes are distracting. See too much, don't see enough, and sometimes it's hard to focus." Then he finally turned his head to Hannibal and dared to look at him again, feeling forced to stare him in the eyes. Hannibal smiled fondly,

his maroon eyes beaming warmly at him. Their faces were only few inches apart and he had to force himself to take a few steps back. It was inevitable, he couldn't rush what he wanted to do to him.

"Are you hungry,Will?" He asked him instead. "I have cooked us something very delicious. Afterwards I might show you my home in detail if you want. "Hannibal's deep warm and resonating voice was very seductive, the innuendo conceivable so Will had to swallow before he answered."Yeah, I am really starved. Just had a small bite today in Quantico. Thank you." He bowed his head a bit, seemingly embarrassed to admit his lack of cooking skills and his hunger.

Hannibal's lips curled into an understanding smile again. He would love to serve him his meals and gloat on serving him his victims without him knowing. The prospect of assuming a role as a parent taking care of his precious boy, controlling what he was about to eat and how he behaved was glorious and fascinating. He would change the man completely and claim him his own.

"Then follow me to the dining room please." Hannibal muttered, still standing very close to Will which created even more tension than before, the air suddenly filled with electricity. The younger man had to suppress a moan. The sensual connotation of his words was more than obvious. Oh gosh. He wanted to get fucked by this man so badly.

The cloud of Hannibal's aftershave smelled so good, so tempting, he would take him right now on the pretentiously large and expensive velvet couch in the living room. Yes, he would love to suck his dick in this moment and it didn't matter whether anyone could watch through the windows. Will was so in heat, he felt like he was already sweating again. Looking down be noticed in embarrassment that his cock had hardened.

The elegant man with the prominent cheekbones drew back to lead him into the dining room which was as equally moody as the room before. For a moment Hannibal thought about taking his hand but then decided against it, closing his eyes for a moment, fighting against the urges within. All good to those who wait he told himself. He would have to wait only a bit longer to indulge in his pleasures.

Will thought his dining room was his most theatrical chamber of what he had seen so far, the walls painted indigo blue, ancient chandeliers hanging from the ceiling. Altogether it reminded Will vaguely of the castle of the fairytale in which the beauty dined with the beast.

Hannibal escorted him to the table, removing the chair far enough from the table for Will to sit down who hesitated at first. "Don't you need help in the kitchen?" He asked, his cheeks blushing, hoping the man would say no because the boner in his pants was visible. And luckily he was saved from this exposure.

"No, it's fine. I'll be back in a minute." His host said to him, putting his left hand on his shoulder "You're my guest and I want you to be comfortable and relaxed."He threw a side glance at Will who didn't seem to relax at all, his body was tense and his legs pushed together as if he was trying to hide something. He smirked to himself while retreating into the kitchen to fetch the food , knowing, enjoying the fact that the man was longing for him. After

carefully draping the first appetizer artfully on a silver plate he peaked through the door into the dining room.

“Would you like a glass of wine, Will? It will surely help to calm your nerves.“ Hannibal called from the kitchen while he fetched an expensive bottle of red wine and two glasses from the cupboard before returning to the living room.

“Yeah sure, thank you.“ He answered, still sounding nervous. “Am I that easy to read?” He frowned, staring at his host incredulously.”I’m good at reading and interpreting human behaviour, Will. It’s my profession as you know.” The latter avoided his eyes again, then looked sceptically at the bottle Hannibal was now opening. Apparently he was an open book to him. He needed to be more careful but unfortunately he had no conscious control over his body at the moment. “Don’t you have white wine? Red wine always makes me dizzy and I’m not sure if that’s good at the first date.”

Hannibal just raised his eyebrows before he replied amusedly. “Don’t worry, my intention is not to get you drunk if that is what you are insinuating. I consider that very rude.”

Will felt relieved. “Thank you. I wasn’t implying anything..I just…”

“You worry too much.” The psychiatrist remarked fondly while pouring wine into both glasses. For some seconds the silence in the room felt uncomfortably tense.

"You told me that you are a professor working at the FBI academy in Quantico. May I ask why you are not working in the field as investigator?” Hannibal asked politely, looking directly at Will , trying to make conversation before fetching the first dishes.

“Didn’t pass the strict FBI screening procedures..figured out I couldn’t stomach all the corpses. The smells..the sight of the corpses affect me in ways others can’t imagine. So I hitched myself to a teacher’s post." Will answered quietly, a little bit uneasy and uncomfortable on his chair. To calm him down he took a large sip of the red wine. Hannibal gave him a warm smile.

Fascinating, Hannibal thought to himself. He had something to look forward to. There was potential in him he could already catch a glimpse of it.

Will Graham felt as if he was being analyzed and dissected by his intense eyes. “Don’t worry. I don’t want to get into your head tonight.” Hannibal smirked, noticing the frown on his date’s face and his sudden silence. “So where do you want to get into instead?” Will asked back cheekily, raising his eyebrows, the innuendo heavy in his voice. Hannibal looked at him, amused by his comment then said. “Nowhere if you don’t want me to.“ Are you always that straightforward?” Will smiled in embarrassment. “Hell, no. It was just a joke, sorry. Just forget about it.” He looked away obviously scolding himself.

Hannibal didn’t believe a single word of his apology that came out of his mouth. That man was in denial. He chuckled. “I pretend I didn’t hear it.”Hannibal got up and served the beautiful appetizers before taking a seat on the other side, facing Will directly. "Let’s eat",Hannibal suggested, smiling at the admiring expression in his date’s beautiful eyes who

was currently staring at the meal in awe. "Bon appétit," Hannibal added quietly in his seductive manly voice, looking at Will with a fond glow in his amber eyes.

Before he knew what he was doing Will looked at the man he so desired and heard himself blurting out: "Yes, daddy". Oh god. He lowered his eyes to the plate, started eating while flushing deeply red, embarrassed to the bone. The FBI employee felt unable to meet the gaze of psychiatrist again who could not believe he heard the Freudian slip from the man’s mouth, nearly spilling his wine and dropping his fork in surprise.An amused grin was now clearly visible in his maroon eyes and on his lips betraying bis happiness.

Temptation

Will Graham was sitting in the dining room of his date, still in disbelief of what his mouth had uttered, being pretty sure he had ruined the evening. What the hell was wrong with him? Why did his mind betray him so much? These words that came out of his mouth followed the nature of his mind and right now it did not represent him well. The surprised silence that followed was awkward and for some seconds he could not move at all before he swallowed down the bite he took.

“I’m sorry” he finally managed to say, still blushed and when he felt it was time to face Hannibal again, he raised his head carefully. “It’s not what you think.”

Hannibal chuckled, still amused but watching him curiously. He was starting to ache for physical contact and needed to give the conversation a little nudge. He wanted to lay with this man who looked as angelic as if he was brought to life from a Botticelli painting. “It’s okay, Will. We are all human and our own unconsciousness is more powerful than we think. It betrays us most in the moments we least expect it to. You surely know the concept of repression as someone educated in the field of psychology, I believe?”

“Yes, I do...But I would rather not turn this evening into a therapy session.” Will said defensively, a little bit too roughly perhaps. When he discovered a slightly irritated look on Hannibal’s face, he tried to give him an apologetic smile. He started feeling fuzzy because of the red wine. What a mess he had gotten himself into. “It is not. I just try to help you understand, Will that you do not need to be ashamed. There are sexual inclinations and proclivities of all sorts you cannot even imagine and we should not try to repress them.” Hannibal said in a decisive tone. Will nodded, trying to change the topic, feeling like his mind was about to be stripped naked again.

“By the way, your food is delicious. I have never eaten anything that good in my life.” In the meantime they had finished up the first course and were about to start with the main dish. The man smiled back at him, aware that Will tried to evade the elephant in the room but he wouldn’t let him get away that easily. You may try that with another amateur psychiatrist, boy, but not with me.

“Thank you. It’s my pleasure. I believe we can now leave our courtesies and superficial conversations behind, don’t you agree? You were quite keen to enter the house by kicking down the door.” An amused smile graced his lean face.His keen object of interest looked away again. “So, what are your preferences, Will?” Hannibal asked him directly. “I’m curious.”

Oh no. Changing the topic didn’t work. That damned man was really smart.

“I thought we could talk about this after dinner. “

Hannibal put his fork and knife aside to show him that he had finished his meal. Will looked at his own plate and he only had two or three bites left. Actually, he really enjoyed the food but his arousal had made it impossible for him to continue eating. To be polite and show his

appreciation, not knowing the etiquette of the haute cuisine, he stuffed the leftovers into his mouth before swallowing it down greedily.

He him vigorously- usually he despised people who gulped down his food, showing no etiquette but Will was different. He imagined him swallowing him something else. And one day he would teach him his place and his manners.

“I think we have finished, haven’t we?” Hannibal concluded smugly. “Shall we move to the living room again? Maybe you feel more comfortable talking about it in a more intimate environment.” When Will was about to get up to help him with the plates he merely said dismissively: “No, it’s fine. Please leave it. You’re my guest after all.”

Leaving the dining room, Hannibal softly nudged his date to the large velvet couch, pushing him slowly out of the door with his hand placed on his back. Will shivered for a second, feeling the intense chemistry between them stirring up again, enjoying the warm and gentle touch while he obediently walked forward, his legs moving slowly and reluctantly as if an invisible power pulled the strings of this puppet.

Will then sat upright, not leaning back, his legs still pushed together, his upper body tense meanwhile Hannibal laid back into the lean of the couch, his legs crossed, relaxed and calm though trying hard to resist drawing closer to him as best as he could. In his blue dress pants his own erection became visible and he took a deep breath to calm down.

Hel felt vulnerable and he had difficulties to talk about his previous admission openly. His face was now frowning, a bit closed off showing his inner struggle before his pink lips widened to speak only to close again in defeat. "Come on, Will, I know you feel ashamed but you shouldn’t.” The psychiatrist thought about how he could make him open up and decided to reveal some of his preferences instead.

“To make it easier for you to talk about it, I will share one of my own secrets with you. I honestly liked it when you called me *daddy* . In fact, I would say that my preferences would go further than your fantasy. I have fantasized about you being my little boy. But not only in the bed room...I had you on your knees crawling through the house...naked... I had you tied up and handcuffed... "He revealed this to Will, his eyes glinting and his face so close until there was barely any space between them.The psychiatrist could feel a heavy weight fall of the man’s shoulders who gazed at him in surprise and slight shock yet his angelic face was softening and relaxing again. In another hour his face would look completely different.

He imagined him already with his blue puppy eyes and mouth wide open, moaning, begging for more, his voice crying out his name in the different pitches of his voice, his whole face trembling in ecstasy while he would show him pleasures the man never knew before, all night long if need be.

Will was taken aback for a second but also feeling relieved. “I did not expect that...” He admitted, a little bit shocked but more intrigued seeing as he found his guilty pleasures were reciprocated. Was this even real? Hannibal explained in his calm deep and sensual voice, staring attentively at his guest, licking his lips with his tongue: "Everyone has secret fantasies and preferences hidden beneath the layers of our personalities we so proudly present to the

world in our everyday lives. What are yours? Tell me. Don't be shy.“He spoke the last words so seducingly in *sotto voce* that the inner barrier in the other man started to break.

Will could not help himself but return the gaze and maintain eye contact, feeling as if he completely lost control over himself. Fuck. He was defeated. His brain was fuzzy. “I…. fantasised about you last night. I gave you a blow job... and I called you *daddy* …you slapped my ass. I was all *yours* . And I *loved* it..And... I like you dressed in leather..“He uttered, his voice cracking, breathing heavily, barely concealing his arousal anymore. The raised level of testosterone started to shut down his thinking, making him forget his bulging cock in his pants as he spread his legs seemingly in trance. Hannibal smirked again at his words, enjoying how the man slowly loosened his defences, how he finally opened up to him entirely, revealing his beautiful imagination, daring to glance openly at Will's erection. His own meticulously crafted self- composure slowly started to crack and the primal hunger of a beast for carnal pleasure crept into his face.

Hannibal felt it was time to get more intimate. Inch by inch Hannibal slowly dragged himself closer to him on the couch until his thighs brushed against those of Will. One of his hands found its way to the insides of his marvellous thighs, caressing these through the cloth, gently stretching along the sensitive spots while the other hand was busy stroking the wonderfully soft and pale cheeks, his finger carefully wandering along the leftovers of his stubbles Will had lazily shaved. "May I introduce you to a better aftershave and a better razor blade my dear Will? I can't stand what atrocities you're committing to your beautiful face.” Hannibal muttered into his ear. The latter felt a gasp leave his lips as he felt him breathing into his ear, the thighs of Hannibal touching his own and his erection became irritatingly painful. He clenched his jaw, while he tilted his head back to the face of the man, he so desired. “Yes….” Will managed to get out breathing before he was hushed by one of the long fingers of Hannibal, tracing along the delicate lines of his pink lips before it finally rested between the upper and the bottom lip.

“Tonight, you will get to savour some pleasures you never experienced before, my dear boy. “Hannibal muttered quietly while his finger pushed against the entrance of his lips, waiting for Will to suck it in. Which the man did, greedily and instinctively for some minutes before another finger joined its companion. His eyes were telling Hannibal he had understood. “The only thing I need to go on is your permission, Will. “Hannibal said, moving both fingers slowly in and out of his mouth again, waiting for an answer while his other hand rested on his lap. “Do you want to enjoy some pleasantries with me?” Hannibal aspirated into his ear, waiting for an answer. The younger man touched his hand on his thigh and put it onto his throbbing cock, slowly nodding. “But...it's my first time with a man.” He breathed, stopping sucking at the fingers for a moment, nervous and aroused as hell. Hannibal smiled at his confession, not surprised, having interpreted his anxious behaviour correctly. “I know “the elder man whispered, now ruffling with his left hand through his hair. “It will be the best night of your life. Trust me. “I won't do anything you don't want. No games without boundaries.“ he added feeling Will tensing up again. “Let's just enjoy this evening” he said quietly, before he took Will's face into his hands, his lips clashing on the beautifully shaped and soft ones of Will's , first slowly and hesitating, enjoying the taste of his conquest to the fullest then the younger man pressed his lips harder and desperately against his own, moaning into his mouth before Hannibal, lifting him up from the couch, pulled him into a tight embrace, pressing him against his body, their hips now pressing rhythmically together as

if they had read each other's mind. Hannibal's fine hands wandered down to his ass, grabbing it tightly before he gave him a short but sharp slap on the booty causing Will to groan out loud."Do you want to see my bedroom?"He asked the young man smugly, finally taking him by his hand, leading him up the stairs, hearing the man breathing and gasping as they climbed up the steps.

Venus of the Primavera

They entered the vast and equally luxurious bedroom with the grand four poster bed and white silken bed sheets, entangled in their fiery embrace. Their hands clawed into their backs as if wanting to rip off their clothes and scratching their backs like animals. Both men were fiercely entering and exploring each other's mouth with their tongues, passionately, yearning for mutual consummation. With each step forward, Hannibal clearly asserted his will to dominate his lover who let himself get pushed obediently. Will's cotton shirt was already partly drenched with some sweaty spots on his upper body, leaving stains on the blue jacket of Hannibal who didn't seem to bother, too busy to taste the sweet mouth of his lover, throwing his jacket swiftly on a chair nearby.

With a quick and sudden movement of his hands, Hannibal grabbed him carefully but determinedly by his shoulders and turned him around to face the bed. Will 's hazy blue eyes widened in surprise at the sight of the artfully draped bed sheets on the duvet beneath, flower petals of the sweetest and expensive red roses forming a rectangle. It appeared as if the square arrangement of the sheets and the flowers on the edges were composing a frame. The missing piece was obvious and currently standing quivering before the bed drenched in sweat. Will was supposed to be the central piece of art in this carefully created frame of silk and flowers. What the hell? When did Hannibal have the fucking time to decorate the room like this? "Oh God...Hannibal", he gasped in his cracking voice, looking at the incense sticks and candles spread out through the room, on the floor and on the night stands, smelling the scent of sandalwood, of roses and bergamot in the air which pushed his already over sensitive mind to the edge. "This is all for you. Tonight, you will be my work of art to be admired, savoured and loved rightfully", Hannibal breathed into his ear, licking his ear lobes now softly with his tongue, standing right behind him while he decisively unbuttoned the shirt of Will with his arms reaching around his chest.

You will be my Venus of the Primavera tonight, my precious little lamb.

"Will you be Daddy's little boy for me?" Hannibal whispered. "Yes. I'll be your little boy...I'll be your whore . I'm yours. But please fuck me now." The younger man whimpered, completely losing his senses, desperate for sex and physical touch, letting himself go completely. He relaxed in the arms of Hannibal, now swaying forward and backwards, his legs too shaky to stand on. Hannibal took in the sweaty and salty smell of his skin, felt his sweaty spots beneath his fingers stroking him from the upper body to his abdomen, smirking at his use of rude language, teasing him. "Oh, you're so naughty and impatient already. What's to be done about that?" He pushed himself between the bed and Will, facing him from the front, a dark lust covering his face. The ocean eyes of Will were unfocussed, the pupils dilated, staring back at Hannibal's hazily, his whole face shaking for all the sensual stimulation slowly pushed the empath to the edge leaving him a whimpering mess before the best part even began. "Please...daddy..." He pleaded, trying to unbutton the shirt of Hannibal who caught his hand and hold it tightly watching his partner trembling in excitement.

What a pleasure it was going to be to bring this empathetic and oversensitive mind to the

edge...to watch him lose his mind beneath his own touches, kisses and fucking and leave him mumbling nonsense.

For a moment he left his lover standing alone while he fetched the remote from one of the tables in the bedroom to turn on the music.

The music set in. The piece of music was carefully chosen, creating the perfect atmosphere for Will's first sexual experience with him. Usually he would rather select classical pieces of music but he deemed it adequate, expecting Will to share a love for the songs of the 80's. And he wanted him to feel comfortable. Hannibal slackened his grip to bring back Will's hand subtly to his own belt. "Daddy wants his little boy to undress first. Would you show him the kindness?" He ordered quietly in his seductive voice. "Yes…." Will let out, barely audible while his nervous hands started to remove the belt. „Hannibal watched him stripping off his clothes with the greatest satisfaction, while he was taking seat on the bed. Will waited for a moment. "Is anything alive now . This darkness is what I hear. „Now the pants and the boxer shorts, please. Behave. Be a good boy." His maroon eyes were glinting dangerously, radiating with sheer lust, his tongue licking his lips. He was hungry again. For a moment Will was taken aback but obeyed, unzipping his pants, pulling them down simultaneously with his boxer shorts, swallowing hard, his adam's apple bobbing.

Will was standing naked in front of Hannibal who studied his naked body as if he admired a work of art of his favourite artist of the Renaissance. He walked around him eying his object of interest hungrily. His pale lean yet muscular body, his lean thighs and his beautifully peach ass. He could have been one of the Greek gods from the ancient world. "That's my boy" Hannibal muttered while carefully touching his upper body with both hands, his finger caressing every inch of his marvellous pale skin. Will shivered beneath his touches as if ice would meet with fire. His eyes wandered down to his erected cock, large and swollen. Drops of precum were glinting visible on the pink head of Will's dick.

"Ohh. Please...yes...daddy" Will gasped, clenching his fists together, seemingly fighting hard to resist the temptation to move forward and push his hand towards his groin. "More than I can hold in my hand, running through the gaps like water. Aching with a passion inside deep as the river." Seeing his watery eyes and the distress his teasing caused, Hannibal quickly hushed him again with his fingers. "Shh. Daddy is going to take care of you. I promised. And I'll always keep my promises."

He breathed into his ear, now undressing himself. "Would you give me a hand, my boy?" He asked Will while starting to undress himself, first removing his tie before starting to unbutton his shirt.Their hands met and Hannibal felt him shaking tremendously while Will fumbled nervously to open his shirt. He pulled it down and threw it down mindlessly on the floor. Hannibal leaned with his naked upper body against Will's whose fingers were toying with the silver-grey chest hair, then slowly running down his lean yet athletic upper body until his fingers found the belt and opened it. Hannibal lowered his head and nuzzled in the Botticelli hair of his lover, smelling his shampoo, tearing at his hair cosingly. „You are my precious boy" Hannibal groaned. "All desire the ashes and the fire turning this night inside. And the light from you"

Hannibal urged Will now to pull down his pants. "Come on, Will. Indulge me. Touch your

daddy.“ He said in his deep seducing and teasing voice. Will moaned again and nodded, looking innocently yet shyly into his eye as if he was ashamed of his wish. Their hands entangled again, removing the last bit of Hannibal ‘s clothes together. His cock, soft-hardened at first now grew into a full erection as Will pressed himself instinctively against him. Their cocks were touching, rubbing against each other as their hips were slowly moving forward and backward “Is there a flame in the dark, is there a bright heart star? “

Before Will knew what was done to him, Hannibal changed positions again, turning him around to face him again before pushing Will to the bed from behind. Caught by surprise, he fell to the bed and into the frame created of silk and flowers. His arms and legs were stretched out widely and he looked vulnerable, exposed and helpless. Will was breathing heavily and he was motionless as if in trance. Panic and worries crept back into his mind.

Fuck. What was happening here? What was this man going to do to him...why did this evening go like this?”

His blue eyes started into Hannibal’s who was now smirking and admiring the magnificent sight of the helpless man lying on the bed. It was as if his dream had come true and his mind palace was already preparing a place for him, taking in every single detail. He would draw him tomorrow, creating another charcoal masterpiece which he would cherish when Will was not there. But now back to the present..

“Don’t start thinking again, Will. Stay with me” Hannibal ordered in his raw, lust-filled voice while he crept towards, hovering above him, his cock rubbing against Will’s while he moved forward, touching his belly causing Will to moan again. His hands were exploring the edges of his face, moving along his muscular upper body, his belly until he slowly came to a halt when his hands found his groin, touching his enlarged dick again. He started to work around the base of his cock carefully and slowly with experienced hands for some minutes.

Will started to tremble again, his legs twitching, destroying a bit of the floral frame around him while clawing his hands into the bed sheet below the first moans and gasps escaping his mouth. The music started to blur with the colours of the surroundings and Hannibal in his mind. Everything was mingling into a hazy fog - the sounds, the scents, the touches and Hannibal’s. voice. “Please...I want you.” His high-pitched voice whimpered, already sounding desperate.Hannibal gave him a slap on his thigh causing Will to jolt. “Please what?” He asked in his authoritarian voice. Will obeyed. “Daddy…” Hannibal lingering above him smiled. “That’s much better. Now lie back and relax.”

Will waited patiently, trying to exhale his tension by taking deep breaths. Hannibal fetched a condom from the drawer beneath his night stand and removed it from its package before carefully planting it on Will‘s cock.

“Sorry, Will, but as I don’t know where you have been when it comes to overall sexual encounters with women, I think it’s best to use a condom.“ Hannibal whispered .“Though I’d like to taste you one day.“ Will simply nodded to show he understood, giving him a crooked smile, still in trance.

The man above him then returned to his groin, kneeling at the end of the bed, straddled his

legs with his hands while spreading kisses and suckmarks from his abdomen to his thighs. His lips finally landed on his cock, licking around the sensitive spots of the head of his dick. Hannibal knew exactly what to do to please his lover and heard the young man moan again. His pupils widened and retreated until the white became visible. Hannibal purred, watching his body and face jerking beneath his licking.

His left hand was now wrapped around his shaft, his fingers sliding up and down while his other hand wandered down to his testicles, massaging them gently until wandering down to Will's perineum, where his knuckles kneaded his sensitive spot. "Relax" Hannibal murmured.He grabbed the bottle of lube he had fetched earlier and greased his fingers before his finger slowly entered his butthole, moving in gently to give his lover a taste, his other hand still wrapped around the shaft of his cock, steadily increasing the speed of his movements.

"Oh shit…. Hannibal…. fuck…I'm so …close." Will cried in his high-pitched voice. The expression on his face, while he was about to break was priceless. Tears were now running from his eyes as he forced his oversensitive mind to stay in the present, his curls drenched in sweat. "Are you?" Hannibal whispered, smiling devilishly, gloating above from the end of the bed for a short moment. "Let's see how long you last." He inserted another finger, moving them in and out mercilessly.

"Whose boy are you?"

"Y-y-ours…"

"I can't hear you."

" Yours, Daddy "

Will moaned out loudly, his legs and arms now lashing out, nearly hitting Hannibal accidentally.The latter enjoyed the power held over his sweating lover.

So delicate. So vulnerable. Beautiful.

He accelerated his movements of the fingers, hitting the tender spot of his rectal wall, stimulating his prostate gland again and again while sliding the fingers down his cock faster and more intensively, occasionally using his tongue around the glans of his dick. .." All desire the ashes and the fire turning this night inside and the light from you".. The verses repeated two times before the music slowly faded out.

This was the moment when he broke him.

"Daddy", Will whimpered loudly while his body shook and twitched in his orgasm, his eyes rolling, the white milky stream of his cum spurting out, filling up the condom. Will's body gave another jerk, pumping the last bit of his semen out of his body before he relaxed, his face radiating sweet satisfaction. Hannibal gave him a warm smile, saving the memory of the ecstatic look on his face in his mind. It was more splendid than he had imagined in his fantasy – a worthy moment to remember.

But it was not over yet. The young man had got what he needed, yes but he still needed satisfaction. Nonetheless he would give his little boy who was currently unable to move, still lingering in the sweetness of his orgasm a few moments to recover for the next round. He wasn't sure if he would subject him to the pleasures of anal sex yet. It might be a little too much for one evening. Still, the mere idea of fucking him into his ass would give him so much satisfaction.

The young man eyed him drowsily, still lying in the middle of the bed, the sheets and the duvet having left its meticulous position, all messy, all thrown over the place, most of the flowers had fallen to the floor on both sides of the room. Hannibal crawled from the end of the bed towards the young man and lay down next to him, kissing his cheeks, his throat. He sucked at his upper and lower lips, stroking through his soaked curly hair.

"Thank you…." Will muttered drowsily, tilting his head towards him, struggling to keep his eyes open. He gazed through narrowed eyes at the man in awe who had just satisfied him in the best way possible. "It was wonderful."

"Apparently you didn't have a lot of sex in the last few months" Hannibal remarked amusedly, ignoring his hardened cock.

"No…not a lot." He admitted quietly, embarrassed, his cheeks reddening. "I really appreciate what you did for me…The question is how can I repay you?" Will muttered, staring at him with his irresistible blue-eyes, his eyebrows raised as if he wanted to tease him.

Hannibal raised his eyebrows. "What do you want to repay me with?"

Will shrugged. "Tell me what you want, Hannibal and I'll do it."

Hannibal chuckled. "Do you really want to hear it?"

His lover drew closer to him and gave him his undivided attention.

"Yes", he replied in his innocent voice.

"I want to fuck your ass until you're mindless" he breathed into his ear, his voice and dark maroon eyes full of lust.

Will hesitated for a moment, not used to the use of such a crude language of the well-mannered man , before he answered. "This is new for me..."

"I know" Hannibal answered, watching him attentively from the side, his hands still caressing the hair and face of the young man. "I don't want you to do anything that makes you uncomfortable." He paused, hesitating for a moment. "Yet a life confined in secure comfort zones is boring, wouldn't you agree? We all need to broaden our horizons." He went on softly, searching for approval or disapproval in his lover's eyes, not being disappointed.

Will smiled at him, his face now calm, relaxed and open yet still a bit nervous. "I guess it's

never too late to learn something new." "Never" Hannibal replied fondly.With a sudden energetic movement Hannibal did not expect from him, Will got up from bed, walked towards his side of the room before standing in front of him seducingly, offering him his body like a servant.

"You're my Pothos, Will." Hannibal murmured, his eyes greedily wandering from head to toes again before he got up,too, fetching the remote again; turning the music on again. Another sensual song from the 80's in the background. Damn, I wish I was your lover. "What?" Will said, questioningly. "Aren't you familiar with the greek deities of love and lust,Will?" The man shrugged his shoulders while drawing closer, his belly bouncing against the erect cock of Hannibal. "Not much, no."

"You should be.He actually represented the ancient Greek god of sexual longing, yearning and desire. He was one of the winged love-gods known as Erotes."Then he started kissing his lover passionately again, rubbing his cock against the belly of Will's, leaving trails of precum behind. "Lie down, boy. Daddy wants to...." Hannibal groaned. Before he could finish the sentence, Will was on his knees and working at Hannibal's dick, taking him deeply into his mouth, looking at him from below with his teasing, blue eyes. "Oh you naughty boy.." he groaned. Hannibal indulged, taking a seat on the bed again, one hand clawing into the bed, the other pulling at his hair. Will worked around the testicles, striking through the silver grey pubic hair. He licked around the testicle seams eagerly, nibbling, inexperienced yet passionate, before taking him deep into his mouth again, enjoying the taste of his cock with his closed eyes.

"Stop!" Hannibal suddenly ordered, now having difficulties to hold back, panting pulling out of Will's mouth who was a bit surprised.This was not the way he wanted to come. Hannibal threw him to the bed again. "Spread your legs for me." Will obeyed and stretched out in front of him. Hannibal groaned, seeing him spread out so willingly. He fetched a condom and the bottle of lube again before his fingers entered his butthole another time, stretching the entrance carefully, feeling Will shivering again. Goosebumps all over his skin. When Hannibal observed him relaxing again, adjusting again to this new feeling, he opened the condom package and put the condom on, before adding some drops of the lubricant.

He put the legs of Will on his shoulders, adjusted himself into the right position, pulled Will closer to his hips then slowly thrusted his cock in. The sensation of entering his body, claiming him this evening in his bed could hardly be compared to anything he ever experienced before. But his inexperienced lover was clawing his hands into the sheets at this unknown feeling. "Trust me " Hannibal said softly, knowing how hard it was for the first time. "It will pass. Just relax." He paid attention to Will's face, adjusting his movements.

This feeling when his cock entered him. Will didn't know where to place it and couldn't describe it. Somewhere between pain and pleasure.At the beginning it was not comfortable and he regretted suggesting doing it but after the man had told him to relax and started touching him again, it felt good.

His cock was big. Will felt so full when his lover entered him.

He was powerless yet he liked it. Being fucked so thoroughly on his first date by a man he

barely knew - well that escalated quickly but he wanted it. And here he was. His victim. His boy. He watched Hannibal as he slowly started accelerating his thrusts. Some moans left his mouth again encouraging the man above him to go faster. “You like it, I assume?” The man above him smirked and enjoyed watching Will getting pushed down into the mattress with every thrust.

Hannibal closed his eyes while his orgasm was in sight, pushing and pulling out more intensively. He grabbed Will by his hips. His fingers were clenching into his soft skin while he entered him harder and faster. Will’s ass was throbbing and aching but he didn’t want it any other way. He watched Hannibal tremble slightly,shaking before he reached his climax.“My beautiful boy”, Hannibal moaned, while he came inside Will, his semen filling up the condom. He pulled out, carefully, releasing Will from his position, putting his legs down, the. proceeded to remove the condom. He disposed of it in the bathroom before returning to his lover’s side on the bed, drenched in sweat, exhausted yet satisfied.

Afterglow

The silent aftermath that followed the unexpected profoundly passionate and rough intimacy with the mysterious elegant man he just got to know a day ago felt surreal to Will. He lay there in this large extravagant bed on the left to his lover on the messy and now drenched bed sheets, still naked, frazzled, sweaty, his limbs stretched out lazily, unable to move his legs, his arms or even his curly head. He felt his ass hurting from the unknown intrusion into his body and hoped it would go away soon. The muscles in his legs felt sore from the unknown bending and positioning during their sex despite his physical fitness. His sight was clouded and blurry from the stimulus satiation. The whole evening over he had felt like the limits of his body and his mind had been put to a test and steadily extended to the verge of breaking by this man. Not in the slightest did he expect this evening to take such a turn. But it felt good to let go of all thoughts. Of everything. For once at least. Unlike the last few months where only bad porn and alcohol would be his only remedies, trying to quench his sexual and emotional desires but unable to fill the void inside him.

After the initial wave of oxytocin started slowly abating again, worries and questions of all sorts started creeping back into his mind. His voice of reason, the little archangel sounded a bit worried, too.

What the actual fuck? Literally. How could you let this happen when you have just met for your first date? How could you hand over the control over yourself like this so easily and willingly to this stranger, Graham? And why does this man seem to know you better than you do?

Damn, he should have been way smarter and be more on his guard given his job and education and not meet random strangers he got to know on a dating app. It could have easily been a trap. But maybe that was also why his past relationships failed. He didn't trust anyone. Never let anyone intrude into his thoughts or his world fearing to put off people. Women came and went, packed their stuff, frustrated with his closed, reserved and rough attitude. And this man had managed to remove the lid of the tightly closed bottle so easily. On one fucking evening. No way. This was going way too fast.

Contemplating, the younger man turned his head towards Hannibal who was lying to his right. His eyes were dazzled by the sudden light from the ceiling illuminating the bedroom, his eyelids heavy while the elder man watched him with a fond and curious expression on his face, lying closely at his side on his back yet still keeping a polite distance, trying not to impose himself on Will. Even now courtesy was extremely important to him but it felt weird to Will who didn't know how to approach him. He wanted to be hugged and not left hanging after such an intense physical experience.

He wanted to fall asleep in his arms, putting his head on the chest, being cared for until he fell asleep.

"What's on your mind, Will?" Hannibal asked him in his deep soft voice, his dark eyes

watching him attentively while his face and hands drew nearer to him to stroke his sweaty and wet curls on his forehead, moving along the outlines of his face, his stubbles and the pink lips. “You’re lost in thoughts. I can hear the wheels rattling inside of your head from here. I hope you are not ruining the beauty of our moments with unnecessary regrets and worries.”

“I just feel...overwhelmed.” Will murmured drowsily. “It was more than my mind could take or process.” At least a half-truth. He still couldn’t grasp what just happened, everything that happened was like a vague cloud of vapor in his mind. Too much stimulation. There was no filter in his brain or to put it in better words - no forts or boundaries as Hannibal had nicely put it in their first written conversation they exchanged.

“Your empathy and hypersensitivity allows you to experience everything more intensely than anyone else. It’s beautiful in its own way.” Hannibal replied quietly, throwing a warm sideways glance at him.

Not this crap again , Will thought to himself in annoyance but didn’t want to spoil the delicate moment with his rude mouth. Instead he gave the man a timid smile before replying with a sigh: “It can be. But not always. Most of the time it is too much.”

Hannibal looked down at the man next to him, his eyes soft and understanding. A smile curled on his lips. Excellent. His empathy disorder - judging from his observations during the evening and especially the activities in his bed - was a welcomed distraction and opened up opportunities for exploration in so many ways.

“Was your first time with me today pleasant or too much to handle for you?”

“Yes, I think is the answer to that. It was scary at first but felt...good. I enjoyed it while my mind was running wild.” Will murmured, his face still thoughtful.

“And the role play? How did it make you feel?” Hannibal asked directly, the interest in his voice increasing, his heartbeat slightly accelerating. He was intrigued whether this man would want to take a step into new territories, whether he shared his own appetite for power play and whether he was willing to learn. Although he had already fallen for him in the back of his mind and knew he couldn’t let go of him after that night, regardless of what Will would say on that matter.

Will hesitated. Was it a good idea to lay bare his most intimate thoughts? Probably not. Then again, he had just slept with a psychiatrist who seemed to look right through him, guessing with scary precision what really went through his mind, so why even bother anymore. The beans were already spilled.

"Yes…. I liked it. “Saying these words, he averted the elder man ‘s gaze, unsure of himself and his true feelings about his newly discovered sexual behaviour. This was a delicate point he found himself conflicted with. A part of him found thrill in taking commands and obey but another part - his voice of reason was screaming at him, shaming him for his fantasies.

Hannibal now straightened his upper body, approaching him from the side, apparently very interested in what he had to say. The thin eyebrows were slightly raised again. “But?”

Hannibal asked him.

“No but. I enjoyed it. Isn’t that enough?” Will snapped, a little annoyed and maybe a tad too defensively while turning his head to the right side, staring up into his face and discovered the face of him darkening for a moment. A shadow of disappointment crept over his face mixed with slight irritation at his rude defensiveness but it disappeared as fast as it had come.

Will felt like it he owed him another apology. Staring up into the now expressionless face of his lover, he said: “I’m sorry, Hannibal. You should know I’m a very difficult and rude person you chose to date.” His right eyebrow was slightly raised, his blue eyes softened and looked up to him as charming and apologetic as they could. It seemed to work. The features of Hannibal softened in defeat.

Boy, you know how to play me. But that won’t work forever.

Hannibal had to accept his deflection and swallow his pride at this open rudeness. Of course, he considered - even only for a moment - which part of him would be the best to indulge in. Maybe bis heart. Eating the heart would create a powerful image. But he pushed this murderous impulse from his mind again. No, this man was interesting indeed though his rudeness made it difficult for him.

“I know you are. But you must let people get to know you if you want them to stay, Will. Not everyone wants to ambush you.”Maybe we should talk about it when we are rested. I’m sure you had a busy day.”Hannibal suggested whilst returning to a more comfortable position, a bit more distant.

Will who noticed his retreat, dragged himself closer, turning his body over to Hannibal who was lying on his back. First reluctantly and surprised at the sudden approach of Will, he reciprocated his advances feeling how great the emotional need of Will was and took him into his strong arms. Will shivered again at the touch of his warm skin, his breath on his hair then put his head on his chest, listening to the steady pounding of his heart. It beat quite fast, Will thought. He didn’t expect that from the man that appeared to be self-controlled and calm. Some minutes went by and both fell silent, too tired to talk. Hannibal didn’t want to force him to open up either for which was Will very grateful.

“Do you know what time it is?” Will asked him suddenly, breaking the silence, now thinking about his dogs, worried about whether he would manage the long drive back home and what he should do about his dogs who would need to be fed and taken outside for a walk.

Hannibal looked at the clock on the wooden night stand to the right side of his bed and answered: “It’s nearly midnight. 11.45 pm if you want to know. Is there a problem, Will?”

Will winced at how fast time had passed and freed himself from the hug of his lover, getting ready to get up and put on his clothes. When he got up from bed, Hannibal straightened himself up until he sat upright in bed, leaning against his pillow and the green plastered wall behind him.

“Will, do you intend to drive back home at his late hour?” Hannibal asked him, raising his

nearly non-existent eyebrows, pursing his lips, his voice neutral but conveying concern at the sudden intent of abandoning him. Secretly he knew that Will had no other choice than to stay as he had a long way to drive and also had some wine. Inwardly he was about to congratulate himself but he hesitated, waiting for his decision.

He turned around to face the elder man in the bed while collecting his clothes from the floor, putting on his boxer shorts, looking a bit conflicted while saying nervously: “I would like to stay but I need to take care of my dogs at home.”

Hannibal frowned, hesitated for a moment then left the bed as well, taking steps into his direction until he stood in front of Will, putting a hand on his shoulder while eying him closely. “Is there no one you could ask to take care of them until you come back tomorrow? I really think that you should rest tonight.”

“Well, sure I do. “Will said slowly, biting on his bottom lip, thinking hard, debating inwardly if staying was really such a good idea. But then again, he dreaded his lonely bed at home and the emptiness after this evening. “I am tired...had some alcohol...Yeah it would probably be better if I stayed.” He turned around to face his host.

“Only if you don’t mind.” Will added quietly, eying him shyly, his cheeks slightly flushing red while waiting for an answer.

His lover chuckled amusedly. “Why should I? It is my pleasure to share my bed with you and I like you if you haven’t noticed. But you can also stay in the guest room if you feel more comfortable sleeping alone.”

But he shook his head and said quietly as if he was feeling ashamed of it: “No..I’d rather share the bed with you if you don’t mind. If you still want me. “Will’s head was lowered in embarrassment as he uttered this admission yet his eyes were staring up at him pleadingly.

Hannibal’s lips curled into a smirk.” Of course, I do. “It would be wonderful to have him lying beside him, watching him sleep. Another opportunity to make memories for his drawings.

“But first I have to message a friend of mine to take care of the dogs while I’m here.” Will said while searching for his smartphone in the pocket of his trousers. Nope. He must have left it in his jacket which was inconveniently still hung up in the cloak room downstairs.

"I need to get my phone from my jacket. I’ll be right back. “Will muttered to Hannibal.

Hannibal nodded to show he had understood and made his way towards his wardrobe where he would look for one of his boxer shorts and elegant silken pyjamas Will could borrow for the night. Not exactly his size, he knew it after a short look at his lover ‘s body but if everything would work out the way he wanted, he would buy some tailored and measured clothes for him in case he was going to stay at his home more often. It would be a pleasure for him to dress him up as he pleased.

"Wait. “Hannibal said while Will continued to put on his pants and shirt. “I’ll give you one of

my pyjamas. You don't have to wear your sweaty clothes. "

Will looked down at his sticky and sweaty groin and said: „ It doesn't matter anyway, I haven't showered yet. But thanks, I will come back to that later." Hannibal smiled and placed the pyjama he fetched for Will on a chair along with one of his boxer shorts. While Will went to retrieve his phone, Hannibal cleaned up the room, picked up the flower petals, the candles on the floor, retrieved and changed the bed sheets until the bed was meticulously neat again.

Down in the living room, Will hastily took out the smartphone from his jacket before sending a message to Alana.

"Hi Alana. I know it's late but I was wondering if you could look after my dogs tomorrow morning as I'm not at home. Hope you're alright. Will. "

She didn't need to know the whole truth. He knew she was smart and could figure it out where he was and as he had known her already for years, she would certainly question him about it another day at the academy. At the moment she was the best shot he had. For a moment he contemplated, wondering what she was up to right now. Maybe she was already asleep but she had been probably doing the same thing as he was and he didn't want to imagine in the slightest. But strangely enough he didn't care to know either. The pain he always felt when thinking of her was only a pale memory today. He found a new distraction and it was fine. At least for now.

Ping. His smartphone vibrated in his hands. Okay so she was still up and his suspicions were correct.

"Hi, Will. Wow, you sure got things sped up quite fast. Sure, I will look after them. If you had told me earlier I could have taken them back home to us! Have fun with your date! Tell me more when you're back. Let's meet for a coffee. Good night! Alana

And he was right. Alana knew. He shook his head, as he repeated her line *"...you sure got things sped up quite fast"* in his head until it became an accusation of his inner conscience. He swallowed and tried to push the guilt away.

Having sent another message, he returned to the bed room of his lover. With each step his ass and legs ached and he couldn't wait to lay down and sleep. Will must admit to himself that the one-night stand with Hannibal- at least he perceived it that way but he wasn't sure how the man felt about this given the effort he put into decorating the room and the dinner - was in some way therapeutic. As he entered the bedroom with his slightly pained face, Hannibal watched him with smug amusement in his eyes, seemingly satisfied with the effects their sex had on Will, sitting on the bed, already showered, his lower body covered with the duvet, waiting for him to join him.

Regrets

The first rays of the morning sun fell through the windows of the baroque bedroom where Will Graham was sleeping peacefully, probably for the first time in months, cuddled tightly into the blanket, his legs wrapped around it, an unconscious replacement for the body that he was clinging to during the night. Hannibal had allowed it, feeling that the man obviously needed some long-needed affection. And to him it felt good as well not to be alone in the vast house for one night at least.

Hannibal was already awake and sitting on the bed while he got dressed, putting on a red sweater and black pants - adjusting to the casual style of his lover. He never slept in and was always awake when others were still fast asleep. As he heard the soft snoring escaping Will, he turned around for a moment to smile at the sight of the innocent and exhausted man lying in the bed dressed in his own red pyjama before fetching the sweaty clothes of Will from the floor to do the laundry for him. Afterwards he made himself busy with preparing breakfast while his guest was still sleeping soundly, enjoying a cup of coffee made of the world's finest arabica coffee beans. Black and without sugar. But he was in no hurry today. It was Saturday and he would receive no patients over the weekend - except for urgent cases which he hasn't had for quite a while. No, he was ready to enjoy the sight of Will in his house as long as he had him here. He suspected his advances for a second date would eventually not be returned knowing how the man reacted last night, shutting himself off, returning to his strange defensive and rough behaviour. Even though he tried to tell him half-truths, Hannibal could guess what really bothered him. His face turned expressionless again as he thought about their little after-sex conversation. He was really putting his barriers up high and not making it easy for him. Let fate and circumstance decide again then. He had no control of the future and would let things unfold the way they would though he still could give them a little nudge.

Steps and the noise of the running water upstairs in the shower could be heard from the kitchen below where Hannibal was currently standing. He knew that his guest was awake and breakfast could be served soon. He decided to make scrambled eggs - simple but delicious. Hannibal suspected that Will had the appearance of someone who would not care enough about nutrition, hoping to change that in the future. He would even bring food to the academy if that was necessary.Hannibal walked into the living room, put on some classical music with the remote pointing to the hi-fi system before walking back to the kitchen to finish the meal.

When Will woke up he first wondered where the hell he was before the memories and his thoughts of last night came back to him. His head was now way clearer than in the night. Free of the influences of hormones, exhaustion. Completely clear. Shit. That date really did develop the way he could not anticipate. But then again it *did.* He had been aroused and desperate for any physical intimacy, behaving like a teenager and the man must have noticed. When his thoughts wandered again back to their sex last night, Will was taken aback again at how intimate it had been. He remembered how he called him " *daddy",* screamed it and he blushed in embarrassment and disbelief. They barely knew each other and yet he let him do these things he usually he never let anyone do to him. Will felt regret washing over him whether he wanted or not. He had let his defences down but that wouldn't happen again.

Nope. The voice inside of his head continued shouting “Whore...slut...whore...slut” It sounded like his father when he shouted after a woman on the street.

Then his thoughts strayed back to his dogs again. He needed to get out of here as quickly as he could. Alana was surely getting impatient. Will looked to the left. Hannibal must have been busy already and he quickly got up. In the mirror next to the wardrobe he saw himself wearing a red and elegant pyjama which was nearly fitting him perfectly. The pants and the sleeves were too long though. It was creepy how similar their size was. Turning around to look for his clothes on the floor, he couldn’t find them. Did that man...? Will thought in disbelief and bewilderment. First of all he needed to get to the bathroom and take another shower for his muscles still felt sore. He would ask him about the whereabouts afterwards. When he entered the bathroom with the marble walls and floors, the large bathtub with the size that could fit at least 3 persons and an equally ostentatious shower he found his clothes put on the large bathroom table next to the basin. Freshly laundered and neatly folded. At the hospitality of his host Will felt a pang of guilt.

But the dice inside his mind had been cast after thinking it over and over again. He felt not ready for this. And he was so afraid in the back of his mind.

“Good morning, Will” Hannibal greeted him fondly when Will walked down the stairs and entered the kitchen where he expected him to be. “Did you sleep well?” The man asked while he put the food on the plates and handed him a cup of coffee. “Yes, I have, thank you.” Will just answered shortly, accepting the mug before retreating to the kitchen door, maintaining his distance, his face friendly but not showing the raw affection of yesterday. His defences were up, Hannibal sensed it.

“Thank you for last night...but I have to be on my way now. “Will added, trying to be politer, gulping down the coffee as fast as possible. Hannibal interjected quickly, trying to keep him from leaving. "I made us some breakfast and I would gladly appreciate it if you joined me at the table. And you have a long drive ahead of you. “Hannibal said, glancing sideways at his guest while carrying the plates into the dining room.

For a moment Will hesitated. He just wanted to go and don’t look back and forget about it but on the other hand he was hungry as well so he followed him slowly into the dining room where had been seduced yesterday, taking seat on the same chair again.

“Some protein to start the day in the right way.” Hannibal said smiling as he handed him his serving and started eating, watching him attentively. “Smells delicious” Will said curtly to show his appreciation then lowered his head, focussing on the plate again, his face closed off. On purpose not out of embarrassment to show him his distance. Hannibal felt irritated and at the lack of enthusiasm but maintained his friendly facial expression. The silence that followed was awkward and tense. Hannibal waited for Will to break it but he didn’t.“It’s a shame you have to leave so early again. We haven’t talked much yesterday and I thought we could get to know each other better.” Hannibal finally gave in and tried to start a decent conversation.

“Well, you didn’t really give me a chance to talk“ Will answered snappingly, crossing his arms on his chest. Hannibal raised his eyebrows to that and pursed his lips. ”You didn’t want to talk if you care to remember.“ He paused before he said: “Sex was all over your face

yesterday.“ Will‘s face grew blank. “Was it?“Hannibal smirked at the lack of a retort. “Yes, it was. You were so desperate I wanted to do you a favour.“

That man had some nerves.

Will feel for some minutes before he continued, in defeat. still not looking up at the man.”It’s the dogs. I can’t leave them alone all day.” “I thought you had a friend of yours looking after them” Hannibal asked, quirking his thin eyebrows at him, confounded. Will was annoyed and simultaneously alarmed at this apparent lack of empathy. He didn’t expect that from the psychiatrist.

Yesterday it was all good how he tried to be gentle and polite but somehow this comment jangled his nerves. He sighed and looked up again. His facial features hardened. “My friend also has other things to do on a Saturday than to look after five dogs of mine the whole day.” He snarled coldly. To this the host said nothing and continued to eat but Hannibal needed to ask something. “So you do feel regret about what you experienced yesterday, am I correct? You want to forget it and erase it from your memory. You want to forget that you feel good when you open up to someone and let yourself go.” This time Will looked up, his eyes cool, trying to hide the fact that this man hit the right spot. Will was speechless but didn’t know how to answer. “Your silence speaks volumes, Will. I would highly recommend opening up. You can’t run away from yourself forever.” Hannibal remarked calmly,his eyebrows quirking at him. Obviously, the man tried to repress everything again and was afraid of what he felt. Tedious.

As he gulped down the last bit of the breakfast, Will got up from the table abruptly, clearly annoyed. He tried hard to hide his annoyance at the comment but failed. His voice grew rough and louder with every sentence uttered.“ I have to go now. Don’t call or text me. I told you, I don't want you inside of my head. This....us...it's not sustainable.!”

”Will, wait-“ Hannibal called but it was too late. Will was already storming out off the kitchen, trying not to look back, picking up his shoes and jacket from the living room before walking to the front door and leaving his host dumbfounded behind.

Hannibal froze. Outside he managed to maintain his dignified composure but the moment Will just left the kitchen, not giving him the chance to escort him outside, anger at the rudeness, embarrassment and lack of appreciation for his efforts the whole evening over rose up, darkening his face and maroon eyes. He had been patient, understanding at his embarrassment and given him everything. He made him dinner, showed him things the man never got to know before and made him explore his own desires. Maybe he had been wrong all along and this man was not different from the ordinary people despite his interesting hyper empathy disorder. He felt frustration at being left behind like that. Mentally he inserted him already into one of his recipes. His heart slow-cooked with creamed kale. Lean and tender. That would sound just fine and delicious. A fitting end for this unrequited attraction.

But then there was something else that silently mingled with anger and offence. Sadness and pain. He hadn’t known these emotions for a long time. It would make it difficult to act. Hannibal closed his eyes to suppress one unwanted tear.

He wondered why this man affected him so much, knowing from the moment that this man entered the house he was fighting some issues on his own but hoped the evening would turn out different. At the moment he didn't know what to do. It would be too obvious if that FBI teacher went missing and his peace, he found here in Baltimore would be disturbed again. He would need to track him before he made a final decision. In the next week he was going to be busy anyway so he had still time to make up his mind. Luckily, he had some friends and acquaintances near Quantico and therefore a reason to go there once in a while. His dear colleague Dr. Alana Bloom would surely cross his way once or twice. His lips curled into an amused and cunning smile again at that comforting thought.

Angel versus Devil

Will left the home of Hannibal Lecter in anger but he still possessed enough decency to shut the elegant door without slamming it. It would cost him a fortune anyway if he damaged it. He rushed back to his car, knowing very well how he had offended his host but in this very moment he didn't bother at all. All he wanted was to put some miles between the psychiatrist in Baltimore and himself as fast as possible. He pushed his thoughts to his dogs again which were surely waiting for him to come home and he had to smile at the thought of them rushing towards him as soon as he opened the door. Yet a part of him was sad to leave this night behind and his heart ached as if it was broken. Thrown to the floor by his own hands. Another voice came forward, a new devilish and dark one beside the one of reason, which told him how good it had felt and he should go back and apologise.

You want to be punished, you naughty little boy.

His hands gripped the steering wheel as hard and he could, causing his knuckles to turn white in anger while gritting his teeth, desperately trying to shut down that voice. Unavoidably, images of last night flashed in front of his eyes despite how hard he tried to steer them away. The man with his beautiful lean athletic body above him groaning, panting, pleased as he pulled in and out of his ass, caressing his face, biting gently into his thighs while they fucked. He heard his own gasps so vividly in his mind. It was the sound of him completely losing control over himself.The worst part was that it was his best night ever and he knew and enjoyed it.

Graham, get your shit together. Focus on the damn road ahead of you, his inner voice of reason interjected resolutely.

This brought him back into the present. He nearly ignored a traffic light somewhere in the city, bringing his car to an abrupt halt causing the driver behind him to gesture angrily and blow his horn. His stronger voice of reason was back fighting with the new dark voice of seduction as if the archangel was battling with the devil himself. No, he didn't want to see that man again who behaved in such a condescending, patronizing and self-assured way, it was disgusting. No, he didn't feel attracted. Just no. Their relationship would be lopsided anyway. He simply couldn't live up to his expectations. Who was he anyway? He was just someone with an average income, enough to make his own living and to pay his bills. And this man was living a completely different life in bis pretentiously big house, apparently having shitloads of money. .No, there was no foundation for a well-functioning relationship.

But it doesn't have to be a relationship, the devil in his mind kept telling him. Let it just be an affair.. And it was not a bad thing to have money. Could come in handy.

It was nearly afternoon when he arrived back at his home. He immediately relaxed as he left the noisy city of Baltimore behind him and returned to the peace and quiet of his little paradise. He breathed in deep. The anger left him as he stood in the vast landscape, the fields and forests behind them stretching out in front of his house and he took in the scent of grass

and earth. Will also noticed that there was another car, waiting in front of his house. It must be Alana who brought his dogs back. At least that's what he was expecting. And he wasn't wrong. As soon as he got out of his vehicle and marched towards the porch, Alana walked around the corner with the dogs. It seems she had shortly arrived before him.

He couldn't check his phone during the drive and he forgot to text or call her this morning because of his anger and feelings so he had to deal with her now. Will sighed but Alana had earned it because she accepted taking the dogs in with her girlfriend and that's not what you could ask of anybody. As he saw her walking around the house, he gave her a call:

"Hey Alana!"

She turned around with his dogs and another one he didn't recognise. Must be one of hers. His own were suddenly breaking loose as they saw and smelled him, causing her to let go of the dog leashes. They jumped into his lap as he bowed down to greet and pet everyone. He smiled broadly - more at the dogs at first than at her that was to say but there she was and he had to be grateful.

"Hello Will," she answered, a little more distant perhaps than in the past,"Good to see you here but you could just pick up your phone and give me a call when you're back."

Will smiled apologetically and looked a little bit at a loss, unconsciously ruffling his hair with his hands. "I'm sorry. I know I should have. Thank you so much for taking care of my dogs! It's just that I've been..on a long ride this morning. It won't happen again, I'm sorry. "

Maybe she needed to come here more often to take care of the dogs if you go back, the devil whispered in his brain.

Alana watched him attentively as if she was trying to read his face and his true emotions beneath his skin, behind his glasses he wore during his car ride home, her eyes mirroring a similar curiosity as Hannibal's only with more kindness in them.

"Is there something wrong, Will? She asked, her grey blue eyes conveying concern and compassion as she sees his smile fading away again. "Did your date go wrong, hm?"

Will tilted his head to her, thinking and hesitating about what to say but after some seconds he decided he'd go for the truth as he owned her a debt he'd like to settle as soon as possible to not give her further leverage to be allowed further inside his head.

"Yeah," He nodded, while continuing to play with Buster and Zoe at his feet. "Do you mind talking inside?" He asked her."Only if your girlfriend doesn't mind of course," Will quickly added.

"No, it's alright," Alana said, her smile returning to her face," She knows I'm here, that I try to help you and that we know where we are with each other. Let's have a cup of coffee."

Will opened the door and held it open for Alana and the dogs which joined him as soon as he

called them in. Once settled in his cozy home, he went straight to the kitchen and brew up some coffee.

Not as good as the one Hannibal had made for you, the devilish voice sneered.

He also placed the piece of chocolate cake,which he bought on the way back from Baltimore at a bakery, on a plate. As soon as he has bought it he regretted it knowing it was just an impulsive decision out of frustration held in his chest. Instead he offered it to Alana as he didn't feel very hungry after the late breakfast. Having fed and watered the dogs and giving them some affection by petting and cuddling with them, Will joined Alana with the coffee and the cake at the table. As he sat at the small table in the living room he noticed that Alana's stare was kind of strange and amused, wandering down to this throat. At her gaze he felt irritated. A mixture of a smile, irritated look and a frown crept on his face.

"Do I have something on my face or my throat?"
Will asked suddenly in mild annoyance.

"You obviously had a very wild ride," She remarked amusedly and grinning, pointing to this throat, "Nice suckmarks."

His mood swang rapidly to anger and contempt again as he remembered how Hannibal had left suckmarks all over his body. Obviously marking him for the world do see.

But he wanted it. The devil inside him cheered and laughed.

Will had to breathe in deeply before he gave an answer to calm himself down and to quiet the voice within his brain, taunting him, laughing at his efforts to hide the truth.

"Yes, I guess it was." He said in a neutral tone lacking warmth or friendliness and lowered his gaze to his mug of coffee, his face turning serious and contemplative again.

Alana noticed the shift of his mood and quickly said: "Sorry. I seem to have hit a nerve." She reached out for his hand and stroke it gently to comfort him.

"I know something is troubling you, Will."

He looked up again. Apparently he was way too obvious with his emotions. He could learn a thing or two from Dr Lecter he thought bitterly.

"The date..the night...didn't have such a great ending if you want to know."

Saying these words he avoided her eyes and looked to the dogs. He didn't really take in how her hand touched his, how soft and nurturing the touch felt and he didn't want to, remembering all the stabbing pain it caused some time ago.

The woman with the deep brown hair and the blue-grey eyes raised one of her eyebrows as she scrutinised him. "You blocked off again, didn't you?" She asked.

Will nodded shortly, pursing his lips before opening his mouth again.

“It went way too fast. I didn’t have any control over myself. The whole evening slid out of my hands like water.”

He gritted his teeth and clenched his hands into fists again.

Alana’s face was full of understanding but also sympathy and worry. There was an uncomfortable silence for some moments between them as Will withdrew, sipping his coffee from the mug.

“Love is something you can’t control,”Alana said gently, ”It’s an inevitable and unpredictable force crushing on you like a giant wave. When it hits you it’s too late and you are all in. “

“I wouldn’t call this love,” Will muttered quietly.

“Desperate longing for interaction with a human body would be more adequate.”

In secret Wikk knew that this perception was wrong but he didn’t want to admit it to himself. For now.

”There are so many people out there in this world to be met , Will. Just don’t beat yourself up for this one night you might have enjoyed. If you think it’s a mistake then just accept it. Learn from it and make it better next time. Tomorrow or next week or next month you might meet the person you‘ll want to spend your life with.The world will look so much different in a few weeks. Trust me.“

Will didn’t really react to her words, lost in thoughts, focussing on his cup, his face distant. Alana frowned as she noticed that he carried more feelings towards this mysterious date than he would admit.She could feel his sadness and agony in the air though he gave his best to maintain his shield. But she wouldn’t want to break the defence by force. Her energies would be wasted and after all he was responsible for his own decisions.

“Who was your date anyway? Any pictures?” She tried to lure him out of his wall of thoughts again.

“Ah...it’s best if you don’t see her...him.”

Alana jested her left eyebrow. “Him or her?”

“It’s over. Does that matter?” Will said in a rough and cold voice . A tad too annoyed perhaps.

“Just curiosity. No need to be offended!” She answered tensely.

“Him.”

“What a nice surprise. I didn’t know you were actually bisexual,” Alana beamed at him all of a sudden, seemingly surprised. “It’s nice to hear! But how…”

“I didn’t know either until I saw his pictures.” Will answered honestly and tartly, irritated, feeding her another lie. Of course he knew earlier but he didn’t want to tell her his whole life story. He felt that she had successfully invaded into his head, the wall started cracking and he could not stop it.

“He must be one hell of person…,” She began but then saw that Will’s face darkened again, noticing that she poured salt into his wounds .

She had no idea.

“I can’t stay long, Will. Maybe we can continue this conversation another time.” She said suddenly, feeling the defensiveness he radiates again, now looking at her watch she wore at her wrist after finishing the cake and the coffee he had served her.

“And Will...If you want to talk about your issues, things you feel clearly uncomfortable talking about I could refer you to an excellent psychiatrist. One of my colleagues and my former mentor. He’s one of the best ones out there and has an excellent reputation.”

Will stared at her in disbelief, now getting up from the chair, his whole body tensing up, taking a few steps back.

“Alana, stop..” He pointed at her with one of his arms. She had invaded his mind quite enough for today.

“Yes, I know. You don’t want to have someone analyzing your mind.” She rolled with her eyes, her voice was cool. “You know, our friendship also has its limits. I can’t help you if you keep on rejecting my offers every time there’s something bothering you!”

The words spoken in her resolute voice lingered in the room for some moment, filling the air with uncomfortable tension.

Will stood still at the moment before he decided to apologize, turning away from her in embarrassment, feeling vulnerable and exposed.

“Sorry...I know you’re right. But it’s just not so easy to open up. Maybe I should talk. I figured out recently that there are some issues I should deal with,” He said, breathing heavily, finally giving in. The wall started to shatter into pieces. But just for her and no one else. At least he thought so.

“Who is that psychiatrist you want me to refer to, anyway?” Will shifted his gaze to her again, his features softening and curious.

“Dr. Hannibal Lecter. He lives in Baltimore, chooses his own patients, has a marvellous reputation but his sessions are expensive. Just to let you know.”

Will felt as if a bucket of ice cold water was emptied above his head. He froze, unable to move. Out of all psychiatrists it had to be him Alana recommended ? Will felt that a scream was stuck in his throat he didn't dare to release. He swallowed. There was no way to make him step into that cursed house again. Besides, if she was friendly with him how long would it take for her to find out they had dated? He didn't want that to happen.

Now you have a reason to go back to your daddy.
The devil in him cackled again, cheering,while the archangel wailed inside his head and covered his face into his hands.

Will made his best efforts not to let her show how her comment had affected him on the inside. If she found out, everything would lead to a disaster. He didn't want her to talk with him about that night at all. And he hoped he wouldn't find his way to Alana. Or to Quantico.Hell, no.

"Just tell me when you want to go to a first session," Alana said to him, kindness returning to her voice, "I can refer you to him."

Will smiled back, trying to be nice and polite again while the horror inside his head intensified. "I'll let you know when I'm ready." He managed to mutter. Sex therapy with Doctor Lecter, he thought sarcastically at the scenario in his mind. Oh the irony.

Alana put on her coat in the meantime and went to her dog, stroking her gently. "Come on, Applesauce, let's go."

What a strange name for a dog, Will thought, but didn't ask why she choose that name for him.He accompanied her to the veranda where he stayed while she made her way to the car.

"Promise me to keep in touch! You can't back down this time,"Alana called, waving her hand at him before she opened the door and led her dog into the large luggage space with the grille then opened the door to the the driver's side and entered, fastening the seat belt and starting the engine. Will watched until her car was out of sight, returning to the living room. A pang of loneliness was seizing him again but he distracted himself by walking with the dogs afterwards and fixing a boat motor in his shed when the dogs were settled down on the floor in his house comfortably.

Pride versus Wrath

Asheville, North Carolina -Baltimore, Maryland

Two weeks had passed by and Hannibal was still nurturing his anger and disappointment at the lack of decency of Will Graham to apologise in person despite making himself busy and unavailable in that time by attending a renowned congress in Asheville, North Carolina where the best psychiatrists and professionals would assemble to discuss the newest research on treatment of traumatic stress disorders. Besides he had lots of patients coming in. A good distraction. Against all his efforts, his thoughts often swayed back to the weekend, to the night with Will when some speeches and lectures during the meeting rather bored him. The only consolation was an attractive and witty colleague he got to know via Tinder as well and who accidentally attended the same meeting with him. She observed him for some time with curiosity, sitting face to face in the large meeting room. Her name was Bedelia Du Maurier and though he didn't feel the same attraction towards her he appreciated her smart mind and equal inclination towards unconventional methods of treatment. She was his distraction from his aching heart and he gladly enjoyed talking, dining and making conversation with her throughout the three days and the time they spend together during the night although it was hard not to think of him when he fucked her.

He believed her to be capable of being his own psychiatrist and therefore exchanged contact details with her -for sessions and pleasant distraction. She could come in handy to make Will go through his personal inferno. His lips curled into a smile again. Some ideas were taking shape in the back of his mind. Having finished his various appointments for the day as many patients had to be rescheduled due to his absence, his attention immediately went back to the FBI professor while preparing dinner despite forbidding himself to think back of this acquaintance. He knew he should have been wary of the younger man's level of empathy and the need of boundaries. But his pride wouldn't allow him to confess he made a mistake by pushing the man to its limit that evening. He should have sensed all along that he would have rather taken it slowly. Yet it had all been consensual and he had enjoyed it nonetheless. Despite the escalation it had been fascinating to witness what stimulus satiation could cause.

Later that evening, the psychiatrist couldn't help himself but started drawing in his moody living room when his last patient had left, listening to a classical piece of music by Fréderic Chopin. Initially he wanted to draw him the day after the date but as things took an unfortunate turn he didn't feel like it. Besides he had been too busy. He closed his eyes and retreated back into his mind palace where he relived said night with him again and began to draw charcoal sketches. It was a bittersweet memory, painful as the last memory of him storming out off the kitchen still stung in his heart but he cherished it. nonetheless. While he made sketches he remembered the scent of his body, the manly smell mixed with sweat and the soft baritone voice of him in his ear, moaning and groaning. But unlike planned he didn't draw him lying on his bed with the floral frame, instead he imagined him lying in a soft bed made out of flowers - red black, white, lilac flowers of all sorts beneath and beside his body. Skulls were resting above his head and beneath his feet. He draw him trembling, his eyes wide open, tears running down his face at his orgasm. Despite the sexual connotation, it also

had something morbid and dark to it - as if he already imagined his funeral. He smirked. It was a perfect piece of art. He returned to the bedroom and checked his smartphone which he had left turned off during the last few days and was mildly surprised.

1 new message and 3 missed phone calls

Of course it had been Will Graham who had tried to contact him. Hannibal gloated on the message the man had sent. It was time he learned his lesson that one couldn't solve everything by simply apologizing and not acting on it. He only wrote a short message that he wouldn't be available this week and he would call or write him when he was again. With a self-satisfied smile on his face he lay down on his bed, reading some lines from *La Divina Comedia b* y Dante before he turned the lights off and immersed himself in his mind palace.

This time though his fantasy took a twisted and bloody turn when he thought about Will. His beastly wrath inside of him won over him tonight.

The basement in which he was standing was usually used for the careful preparation of the organs of his victims, equipped with a stainless steel table, bone saws and other tools. This time it served another purpose and the tables were removed from the middle to the corners of the room. Both walls and the floor were made of stone. The whole cellar was dark and threatening. Will Graham was stripped naked and kneeling on the floor, whimpering through his black gag in pain and fear, his blue eyes wide and frightened. Will's hands and feet were tied with a black solid rope used for bondage to four metal poles on the ground. The poles to which the feet were tied were further apart in order to straddle his legs. His body was shivering from the cold, from the uncomfortable position and the burning stainless sharp knife in Hannibal's hand that now cut into his skin from the neck down his spine, leaving minor slashes, yet painful enough to make him tense his muscles and gasp out loud in pain. The finest thing about ball gags was that it rendered the wearer speechless but the the painful noises could still be heard loud and clear.

Hannibal wanted to punish the man for hurting him, for making him feel pain and embarrassment. In this very moment he was fueled with anger and contempt, his cock erect and throbbing in his pants. The ravenous beast inside him thrilled in the helplessness of the FBI professor in which he had submitted himself willingly. It was not a good idea to be rude to the Chesapeake ripper. His lips curled into a twisted smile as his eyes wandered down to the wounds and red strips he had inflicted on the previous impeccable body of his slave.

After admiring his work for a minute, he opened his belt, unzipped his trousers, pulling them off ,throwing them to the floor. He bowed down to to him, cupped his face into his hands and said coldly: Do you know what happens to rude and naughty boys, Will?" The only thing the man could do was to nod, barely visible."Naughty boys are going to be punished." He circled the man, taking in the sight of his toy."You disappointed me. Daddy doesn't like brats." When he stood behind Will, he hit him with the cane in his hand. This time he aimed for the small slash wounds on his back. Will moaned out loudly. His cries echoed off the stone walls. Hannibal returned to his previous position, staring into the pained eyes from which tears were now flowing down his cheeks. He wanted to say something but the gag prevented it.

Hannibal released him from the gag for a minute. "Do you want to apologize?" He said in

his deep mesmerising voice, watching him attentively. “Are you sorry for what you did to Daddy?”“I’m sorry, daddy…”Will said, sobbing. “Please..punish me.” He looked up into the maroon eyes of Hannibal, pleading. “I will ”, Hannibal answered, his voice detached and cold.

After caressing his cheeks with his fingers, he released the man who could not get up anymore and he dragged him on one of the silver stainless tables. He thrusted into him from behind.Deeper and deeper. He hadn’t put the gag into Will’s mouth again to enjoy the sound of his voice. “I'm so sorry, daddy”, he heard him crying, his sweaty body trembling, while Hannibal pulled in and out of his tight hole. Right before his climax he released him. Will dropped to the floor, unable to keep himself up any longer. Hannibal then seized his head. "Open your month“ Hannibal ordered and Will obeyed, then thrusted his cock without the condom into his mouth until Will nearly gagged.

“If you bite me, you will regret it," Hannibal said to him threateningly. But he knew that Will would oblige, as tired and obedient from the previous punishment as he already was. "Come on, boy,” Hannibal ordered harshly while going deeper, accelerating his movements. He groaned in arousal and gloated over his satisfaction on seeing the man choking on his cock while he pulled in and out. As he reached his climax he trembled. Triumph and warmth flooded through his body. “Be a good boy and swallow”, Hannibal groaned while petting his curls nearly lovingly. Will obeyed and swallowed the seeds of Hannibal, but coughed as he came violently into his mouth. "You did well", he said to him,taking pleasure in his humiliation, taking a knife into his hand, cutting his throat. The last thing he saw was Will’s scared face as the blood started bursting from his throat and collapsed to the floor.

The scene cleared into swirls of mist as Hannibal got drowsy.His wrath withdrew back into the depth of his soul as he spurt out his cum on the bed.

The next morning he was surprised to find that Alana Bloom had messaged him and asked him to come to Quantico at the end of the week for some advice. She obviously needed some counsel on a psychological profile and on some issues for her upcoming publication but he suspected that there was another reason which she did not want to conceal or talk about, evoking his curiosity. Before his first patient arrived at 10 am, he answered shortly and confirmed he would drop by on Thursday afternoon. In the evening he would meet some other colleagues from different psychiatric circles. He dreaded it but luckily he had good company. As long as Bedelia was there, it was bearable. While he was at it he sent his new acquaintance a message concerning their next session tomorrow. He would not take her home yet. He’d rather seduce her in her residence again after their session had ended.

After the last disaster with Will he would be careful before inviting someone else whom he liked into his home. He smiled to himself, looking forward to the tasks and the rewards in the evening. The feeling of loneliness and his broken heart would hopefully be not present.He got ready for the day, trying to push Will Graham out of his mind who was always lurking in one corner of his brain despite his attempts of distracting himself and looked at the notes in his leather notebook to prepare himself for the first patient.

Wolf Trap, Virginia — Quantico, Virginia - Washington DC

The next two weeks Will neither received a call or a message by Hannibal Lecter which made it easier for him to keep his inner voices at bay. For now his voice of reason had won, was satisfied and the devil could be silenced. He distracted himself by his preparations for his lessons at Quantico and his work on the monograph concerning determining average time of death by insect activity he was supposed to publish. Time was running out and he should have made more progress by now. The first deadlines were approaching.There was still a lot of research to do. This was an opportunity to shake it all off and refocus again he told himself every day when he woke up and went to sleep, trying to push the weekend out of his mind.

You are better off without him, said the archangel encouragingly and in triumph.

Until he realized that no matter what he did, his thoughts kept going back to Dr Lecter all the time. After some nights where he couldn't find sleep nor joy again, he didn't even touch himself, he gave in to the resistance, swallowing his pride. He opened his smartphone and wrote a short message in the morning before heading off just like every day:

Hello Hannibal,

I am sorry for what had happened on our first date. I've been terribly busy here at the academy.

Could we meet again next weekend somewhere in Baltimore?

I would really like to meet you and talk about this.

Will

But he didn't get a response in the following days. In fact, he wasn't even sure Hannibal read it. Sighing,Will gave him a call when he was about to depart for the FBI academy at 8 am again for his lectures but only got the answering machine with his voice. Seemed he had turned off his smartphone.

Oh please. Was it that kind of power play? Will was frustrated because even to him it was fucking obvious what the man wanted to do to him but on the other hand it intensified his attraction even further. His analytical mind told him that Hannibal Lecter wanted him to beg and test him, another part of his thoughts denied it and simply stated he was an arrogant prick. Even though he probably would do so in the end he wouldn't budge so easily. He could be quite stubborn too as Alana and his former girlfriends were always reminded of.

Will, just let that man go, the angel called.

If it only was that easy.

Meanwhile his curiosity and restlessness at night got the better of him again and he started doing research on sexual fantasies when he lay awake. Yes, as someone working in the field of psychology and criminology he was educated to a certain point and he knew of daddy issues being linked directly to his kink yet he kept browsing through the web. He found very interesting stuff he didn't know he was interested in before, having seen them only when

there were cases involving sadomasochist games gone wrong or abuse.

Pictures of men tied up in different positions, gagged, with collars around their necks appeared on his browser window. He couldn't help it but feel aroused and excited. He kept searching and reading all information available what he could gather on certain pages.

Imagine if Hannibal did all his to you, the devil sneered again while the archangel rolled its eyes.

When he sat in his office during lunch break the next day, he was tempted to use his laptop reserved for academic work for revisiting some sites informing on sadomasochist games and bondage. It was unethical and he knew he could be fired using the internet connection for other than his work. Sometimes he really regretted not having a laptop at home. Not for work but for other purposes. Most of the time he only watched pictures on his smartphone to get in the mood and it was getting uncomfortable.

After another tedious day of lectures and talking to students who had questions concerning some papers and cases, he made his way into the city centre of Washington D.C. in the afternoon. First he bought a small laptop for his home at Walmart, then spontaneously decided to proceed to the infamous sex shop in the north east of the city. He was curious as this shop was one of the best according to the ratings. He just could not stop himself.

Even if he wouldn't see Hannibal Lecter ever again, he needed to improve his sex life and try out new things on his own. It couldn't get worse than it already was.

The shop appeared in front of him. He parked the car approximately 500 metres away from it, too paranoid, checking if someone was around although it was highly unlikely. It was a shop that offered sex toys but also different equipment for all kinds of sex games. Dolls wearing collars, leather pants , lace pants or any kind of corsets were displayed in the windows but what caught is attention was the male doll wearing a ball gag, his body and limbs tied artfully in a seemingly - for the human body- painful position to show off the rope used for bondage. His collar had a long chain attached to it .His heart made a leap and his pulse quickened.

What if someone sees you here?

The archangel was very anxious and cried out loud until it was overthrown by the devil's voice which kept overpowering him. And it won.

Will pushed the door open and made his way inside. In total it looked less shady than he had expected. Lots of dolls and toys were displayed and the products were neatly arranged. The walls were held in red. The shop was vaster than it had looked from outside. It had actually two different floors. A man stood at the cashpoint and smiled at him, smiling at him politely.

"Hello!" He greeted him kindly. As he felt that Will looked a little lost, he said: "If you need any assistance or help, please feel free to ask me. I'll be glad to help you."

Will swallowed, trying to not act like a teenager then thanked him with a smile on his face before he moved on. First he didn't know where to look. The selection of toys and equipment

was overwhelming and as it seemed it seemed to cater to different wallets and needs.He made his way through the first room, standing in front of some choker, collars and some leashes where he lingered for some minutes. In this moment he felt as if he was being watched - No, being scrutinised was the word. Turning around he couldn't find anyone and so he continued his stroll. He grabbed the black basic silicone sex toy as well as some condoms and a bottle of lube then headed to the man at the cashpoint. For a moment he thought of buying the collar but then his voice of reason returned.

You'll need a partner for that, the devil sniggered .

Will winced when he looked out of the window. He could catch a glimpse of a familiar-looking man with slick grey hair next to a woman with blonde, wavy hair, passing by the shop as they went and he quickly turned his head towards the cashier again, giving him an apologetic smile before paying for his purchases. Too late. He felt the surprised, bemused yet smug gaze of Hannibal on him as he recognised Will.

Fuck.

And who was that woman beside him?

Despite the possibility that she could only be a colleague he felt jealous and hurt.When he finally left the shop he could still see them, slowly fading into the distance. He recognised though that he put an arm around her waist, probably knowing he would watch. He lost track of them as they entered a building - probably a fancy restaurant or her apartment, Will thought bitterly.

He clenched his hand into a fist, trying to suppress his emotions in public. His face was expressionless as he headed down back to his car. His heart was aching painfully. He had enough of this bullshit.This morning he had only received a short message from Hannibal, saying that he wasn't available this week. He could see why. So he had found a new partner and didn't have the guts to tell him.

See? You don't need this prick in your life.

The archangel whispered, crossing its arms on its chest while the devil said instead: You can repay him the favour.

Will wondered whether this was a form of punishment. He decided that he should return him the favour and as soon as he was back home again he decided to give Tinder another try and swiped through the profiles. If Hannibal Lecter was able to move on with his life, so could Will. But life always had a special way of interfering with your plans - especially when you didn't need it

Sabotage

Back at home in the evening after the disastrous encounter with his previous date at the sex shop, Will was determined to move on with his life and not dwell on hurt because he had ultimately enough of this drama going on between them and gained his own confidence back which had been broken by the behaviour of that pretentious man. Initially he wasn't willing to use the cursed dating app again, nearly deleting his profile on the fateful day but after seeing Hannibal roam the streets of Washington D.C. with his new flame, Will altered his opinion in that moment. It was early in the evening, yet the sky was dark and grey, clouds announcing another storm. The wind was getting stronger, swirling up the fallen leaves and some broken branches. The trees were already bending under the gale-force wind. In the morning, the weather forecast had obviously been correct in announcing another heavy autumn storm and Will could hear the dogs barking, moving around in agitation, waiting eagerly for his owner to return. He would have to wait for a walk with his dogs. As soon as Will entered his living room and lit another fire in the fireplace, he put the laptop he had bought on the small kitchen table and the bag with his sex toys on the shelf above his bed. Afterwards, he made himself comfortable in his living room and cuddled with his dogs on the floor for a while who always comforted him whenever he felt lonely or hurt. He could not have better companion - still they could not replace the relationships between two human beings which he knew all too well.

He fetched his smartphone from his jacket pocket again and launched the Tinder app another time. For a second his gaze lingered at the conversation between him and Hannibal and at the picture of his previous date then quickly closed it before bitterness overcame him. Here we go again, Will thought in annoyance and browsed again through many of the profiles on Tinder. Until he finally examined one profile that caught his attention. A very attractive, charming, likeable Asian woman with beautiful eyes and long ebony hair stared directly into the camera on her main picture, wearing a black blouse. From the surroundings where the photo had obviously been taken, it seemed like she was working in a laboratory. No profession was given, though. Will guessed she was an analyst. She had an affectionate and reassuring smile on her face and radiated positivity, confidence and straightforwardness.

Beverly (35)

Vegetarian and animal lover. I'm into sports like swimming, walking but I also like going to parties or concerts with friends. Not interested in mere sex dates.

Will smiled to himself as he looked at her pictures where she showed herself with her pets. She seemed to like animals, but she was definitely not a dog person. It could be difficult to manage, but it was going to be worth a shot to make Hannibal jealous. To pay him back. And honestly, he liked what he was seeing and would wait for what could possibly develop between them. It was an advantage that she was living in Alexandria - the distance was manageable. Maybe it could be more than just a consolation from his heartache - who knew? Tired from the hustle of day he went to bed, wrapped a blanket around his body and tried not to think of Hannibal. not of the temptations that lurked inside of his brain to cross the bridge

to the other side of his desires again. Without Hannibal it felt like it was less fun to explore things on his own.

She sounded like she was a perfect date. The archangel beamed in triumph whereas the devil was silent and frowning and said: Will, this is only a charade.

On Thursday morning it looked like his day started well. The sky had cleared from the storm clouds that had plagued Virginia. Yet the damage was visible - some trees had been bent by the wind and from afar the sounds of chainsaws of the forest rangers could be heard. Some trees would have to be felled. Will was in a unusual jovial mood as he gave another lecture on forensic methods and techniques and was doing a lot of progress with his monograph. Besides he had received a message this morning that Beverly was interested in a date with him, and he was glad about this distraction. After some conversations they decided they' would meet in the evening at a fancy restaurant in Washington D.C. Will abandoned the building during lunch break. He fancied a delicious burrito as a snack today and made his way to the exit of the academy building, in the best mood possible.

Until Will observed Alana strolling towards the lecture hall where he wanted to get out. He was at a safe distance, but he immediately recognized it was her. Oh god, he forgot to text her about the suggested therapy session and he cursed himself. What made it even worse was the fact that she was not alone and her companion looked too familiar — a tall and elegant man in a beige suit accompanied her, deeply involved in a conversation with her. Will had no doubt as he watched them come closer - it was definitely Hannibal.

That man be damned - did Hannibal track him down or what was the matter with him? Couldn't he just leave him alone already and stay out of his way?

The devil inside his head cheered, laughed in his high-pitched voice and laid back to watch what Will would do whereas the archangel screamed he should evade them immediately.

Will had to think and act rashly. There was only one way to resolve this matter was to hide in the men's toilet room until they would be gone even though most of his lunch break would be over soon. His stomach was making noises, and he was very hungry as he was usually too lazy to prepare a decent breakfast. However, he was definitely not in the mood of talking to this man after that incident. He had waited for what seemed an eternity before he quietly and slowly opened the door. listening attentively. There was no familiar voice that could be heard, so Will gathered his courage and made his way back to his office, looking carefully to the left and right of the gloomy corridor before opening the door to his office.

He looked at his watch - It was 1.40 pm and he had only twenty minutes left until his next lecture was due to start. It seemed he had no choice but to wait here, hoping he wouldn't have to face them after the lectures which ended around 4 pm today. And at six pm he had to be at said restaurant so there was definitely had a valid excuse he could offer her.

Something vibrated in his pocket. Will took his smartphone out and unlocked the screen.

Ping. 1 new message.

Hey Will,

I was hoping to see you after your lectures because I want to talk to you - do you have any spare time? It is about what we discussed some time before.

Alana

Will frowned, wondering whether she wanted to ambush him with Hannibal. He hastily wrote he didn't have time for a long chat today as he had other plans this evening but would be available tomorrow for their talk.

Ping. Another new message.

Okay, alright. By the way, don't forget the birthday party this weekend.

Sure, I'll come. I promised.

I hope so.

*And remember: You won't be able to slip out of what you agreed to. I'm not a fool. See y*ou around!

Will reasoned and sighed in frustration. He nearly forgot it was her birthday coming up.Was it a good idea to come to her party after the date tonight? And what did her threat mean he won't be able to slip out of this? Was she bringing him...? No way. Anyway, he had agreed to be rid of her and intrusion concerning his private life for once and for all, to agree to whatever therapy she might prescribe him. He could still persuade her to choose another psychiatrist instead of him. At least he could evade her and Hannibal's presence today and that was all that mattered. Still he didn't dare to go outside because he didn't want to catch them talking and be involved in a conversation. The only option was to hang in there until the evening, grab a snack from a bakery before heading to Washington. He knew the risk of another confrontation in the city but according to the reviews in the internet it was a restaurant which offered next to meat dishes lots of fancy vegetarian, vegan and pescatarian food thus he didn't suspect Hannibal to be there, seeing what he had served him during their first date. He was a carnivore - there had been barely any vegetables on their plates whose purpose was rather that of a decent decoration. The professor took a few deep breaths, drank some water from his water bottle and turned on his MacBook to check on the slides for the coming lesson.

The sky was grey again as he left the building, heading to the parking lot. No Alana and no Hannibal in sight and Will was utterly relieved. He texted Beverly he would be on his way before starting his car and suffering the traffic jam on the highway to Washington. While he was driving down the highway, he started whistling to his favourite jazz song on the radio. Hannibal had been right, he liked some songs from the 80's but at the moment he listened to ragtime - to make a fresh start and get him out of his mind. His smartphone vibrated in his pocket to announce a new notification but Will didn't notice.

Washington D.C, The Oval Room

Beverly was already waiting in front of the fancy restaurant called The Oval Room when Will walked up from the parking lot. He saw her standing in front of the entrance with the beige walls and the glass doors, staring nervously at her phone, her head lowered, likely forwarding him a message to notify him that she had already arrived. He was five minutes late because the traffic jam had been worse, he expected to be, messing up his whole time buffer yet he didn't bother about the five minutes delay feeling she would not be that resentful as a certain someone. She was wearing a crimson leather jacket, a black lace dress, tights, crimson knee-length leather boots in the same colour and a matching lipstick. Her appearance was elegant yet still likeable and not too pretentious. Altogether she was definitely congenial. Self-confident but not intimidating. Soothing for Will's heart.

"Hi" Will said out loud when he stood a few metres away from her, tugging at his shirt and his jacket nervously which he had both taken with him before he left. This time he didn't have much time to prepare but oddly enough he did not bother. It was a different experience than the previous date. "You must be Beverly." He said as she looked up and her face changed from an anxious and worried one to a friendly smile. "And you are Will," she said in a rather deep voice accompanied by a warm smile. "Nice to meet you." She stood before him, but was not sure whether she should hug him so both stood in front of each other, unsure of to approach each other which was awkward. "Wait a minute, I've seen you before" She said, frowning, as if remembering something, her dark brown eyes vigilant. "You are Will Graham from the FBI academy in Quantico!" Will was surprised she heard of him and felt a bit irritated. Why was he such a celebrity in Quantico? He never understood all the fuss people were making about him and his gift as some referred to his active imagination. "How do you know me?" He said, smiling yet his face twitching nervously. "Are you with the FBI?" He asked her, mildly surprised. "I'm working as a crime scene investigator in the Behavioural Analysis Unit," Beverly answered, her eyes analysing his face curiously. "I've read some of your monographs - they are impressive."

Will looked away for a second, uncomfortable in his own skin. But at least somebody who would get his background, where he came from and it was a relief not to justify or explain his work to someone the whole evening over. Except Hannibal - he didn't ask a single question which had been odd. But the whole date had been very odd so sometimes Will wondered how the date may have turned out if he hadn't been so horny.

After throwing a short glance at their surroundings, Will felt it was time to enter. Beverly appeared to share the same thought. "What are we waiting for? Should we go in?" She asked, a little impatiently, looking from Will to the door. "Yeah, I agree", he answered. When he wanted to open the door for her, she went ahead and said in a self-assured voice, looking back at him, not without a friendly look: "No need to do that, I can do that on my own." Will shrugged his shoulders. He wanted to make a grand gesture but apparently that wasn't necessary. He liked that. But he feared the choice of the restaurant was a gesture too grand as well. All of a sudden Will felt like he was behaving like Hannibal. Being a gentleman and selecting a fancy restaurant he would usually avoid. Doubts gnawed at him whether it had been the right decision in bringing her here. Yet she agreed. Pushing his doubts from his mind, he followed her.

Once inside they waited until a waiter came forward to bring them to their table. It was a

refined restaurant, yet the prices were still affordable. Will had done a bit of research in advance for he had to limit his expenses. Still, after what she had told him, he guessed that she did not want him to pay for everything anyway which was also fine for him. When they entered, both Beverly and Will were impressed. The interior was very welcoming, urban and elegant. The walls were held in white, one wall straight ahead on the opposite side of the entrance was decorated with stacked wooden moldings, the shape of the ceiling was oval — as the name of the restaurant had suggested — and there were lots of different round and square tables spread across the room. Paintings were put up at the white wall from the left of where they only just entered, showing flowers in different colours. The restaurant was not very crowded at this hour which pleases him.

Will hummed to himself as he and Beverly made themselves comfortable at a table near the paintings in the corner of the room. Candles were brought to their tables, too. A romantic candle-light dinner in an environment which didn't spook him, where he didn't feel intimidated and trapped. He was looking forward to the evening and the anxiety and tension of the day fell from him. Beverly was - like him - busy looking around, tilting her head from left to right of the room and to the ceiling upstairs, as if it was a professional habit of analysing her surroundings for some minutes. "Wow, you've chosen a great place. Beautiful and elegant. You have a great taste." She turned her head back and grinned at him. When the waiter brought a bottle of fine white wine to the table, opened it and poured it into the glasses, Will threw a glance to the entrance and he froze in his movement when he wanted to raise the glass and turned his head from his date away.

Beverly's voice saying "Cheers" didn't reach him anymore. It sounded as if she was far away in that precise moment, as if he was gone to another place, far away in another galaxy, remote from the earth. His heartbeat was as loud as footsteps fleeing into silence when he saw who had entered the restaurant. Hannibal. Dressed in an elegant coat, a different suit from the one worn at Quantico, a blue one without any pattern. The one he had worn during their first encounter at his home. Will swallowed and wondered when and where the man had changed.

What on earth was just happening today. Hannibal must have tracked him. There was no other logical explanation for all the encounters today.

Hannibal was not out for a date as it seemed. Or was he? He was accompanied by that mysterious blonde woman and some other men. Hannibal took off her coat. Will's heart sank again.

Maybe they did fuck or maybe not.

Maybe it was just a normal dinner and he was friendly with her and just being a gentleman. But did this even matter? It was all over now. It was supposed to be over. But apparently it was not. Shit. His hands were getting sweaty, and he quickly wiped them dry at the tablecloth below. Realising how aghast and astounded he must have looked in this very moment, he turned his head towards Beverly again, trying to ground himself in the present.

"Are you alright?" Beverly asked him, scrutinizing him worriedly. "You look like you just saw a ghost. "Her voice tore him from this awkward moment of abeyance and brought him

back to the present. He quickly tilted his head back to her and hoped the man didn't see him. From the corners of his eye, he watched the man and the woman walking into the opposite direction, following another waitress to the table. Unfortunately, he positioned himself in such a way that staring at him proved to be pretty risky. And another disadvantage was that Hannibal now sat with his back turned to the window, giving him the perfect opportunity to watch him as well as the blonde woman with the blue eyes who was seated next to him.

"I'm sorry." Will heard himself apologize. "I just thought I saw...someone I know."
"Someone from your past? Your ex?" Beverly asked him sympathetically. He lowered his gaze again, and he bit on his bottom lip. "Yeah, exactly." Will replied darkly. The atmosphere which had been so cheerful and light changed into a more uncomfortable and tense one. Leaving was no longer an option as they had already ordered their menu some minutes before but Will didn't know if he had wanted to. A part of him wanted to stay just to stare at Hannibal who was like a magnet.He would also have loved to confront him after dinner - asking what the hell he was thinking yesterday and why he couldn't his answer his messages or phone calls. No, he would not come begging to him in public. Not in such circumstances.

Hold your shit together, the archangel warned him while the devil in his mind just laughed and was looking forward to the drama that was about to begin.

"Should we move to another table?" Beverly asked him, her face now showing concern and bewilderment at the same time. "No, it's fine" Will replied. "I can manage, " he said decisively and smiling, trying not to look at the man again. "Are you sure?" She asked, raising one of her eyebrows. He nodded and raised his glass. "Cheers" Will said, waiting for her to pick her wine glass. She reciprocated the gesture, smiling, but her face was more distant than before - if not colder. Will sensed she was already considering leaving but didn't know what to do. He tried to make some conversations with her before the first course would be served to the table.

When Will was sure that he had saved the evening for now, the feeling of being watched, being x-rayed returned. Here and then he threw another careful glance to both tables at the window where Hannibal and his colleagues were seated. Hannibal was currently immersed in a discussion with the man sitting face-to-face to him whose face Will could not see. The blonde woman with the piercing-blue eyes next to him suddenly said something to Hannibal, probably noticing his occasional glances - although he didn't know how, Will turned his eyes towards him and for a moment their eyes met. Will had to swallow harshly. Hannibal's maroon eyes were showing a hint of mild surprise before they turned cold and impenetrable again.

Beverly said nothing, but she noticed during the conversations about their hobbies, during their small-talk that Will couldn't resist to glance at said corner. When the first course was finished — Will had a delicious asparagus soup with cream and Beverly a wonderful puy lentil salad with asparagus, arugula, tomatoes and radish, — she looked at him decisively and pushed her plate away from her. Will tilted his head towards her again and sensed intuitively that he had strained her patience.

"Look," she finally said. "I can totally get it if you're still having issues with your ex-partner or whatever this man you have been staring the whole time is to you but you know it's not

very nice or polite to ignore your date. I offered you to go to another table. But to me it seems like you don't want to get away from him. So please tell me if you want to spend this evening with me or not. Or I'll leave. "

"No, I want to spend the evening with you" Will replied quietly. "Sorry, I won't do it again. He was only a one-night-stand and nothing more. Seeing him here just.... threw me off the balance for some seconds. "He assured her, reaching out for her hand and smiled at her as convincing as possible. He seemed to succeed as Beverly calmed down and her face relaxed again. In this moment the main dish arrived and both were happy about this distraction, enjoying the food and having a good time.

Until Hannibal made his way to the men's room which was unfortunately situated in the direction where Will and Beverly were seated so he had to pass them. A heavy cologne hung in the air as Hannibal passed them by. Will's body tensed up and Beverly noticed he put his fork way too resolutely into his piece of fish. Hannibal pretended as if he hadn't recognized Will but he walked by very closely, on purpose. The mere proximity of his body and his irresistible smell caused chaos inside of Will's mind again where the angel and devil were currently waging war with each other.He swallowed harshly and pretended as if nothing had happened. Until the man returned from the toilet again and walked back the same way to his table. This time Will couldn't help himself but glare directly at him. Hannibal lingered for some seconds near their table, his maroon eyes focussing intensively on Will, almost taunting him, before putting his hand on his shoulder, smelling on him and muttering seductively into his ear: "Bon appétit, Will. Nice to see you changed your aftershave", which caused Will to shiver, get goose bumps and his pants to grow tighter around his crotch.

Beverly gave Hannibal and Will an angry look and after finishing her main course she reached for her handbag which tore Will out of his trance he found himself in. "Beverly...please. I'm sorry," he muttered, completely embarrassed. "Please, stay with me." But the latter gave him a cold gaze and said instead: "Will. You need to sort out your priorities. I can't do this. Don't worry about paying. I will pay for my share of the bill and I will see myself out." With these words she got up, looking for the man who waited their tables and left Will behind who could not move, still in shock, trance and embarrassed to the bone.For a moment Will thought about running after Beverly but she was way too fast and left the restaurant in a fast and angry pace. To avoid the stares of the people around him, Will took out his smartphone and read the message which had been sent during the drive to Washington at 5 pm. It had been sent by Hannibal who wrote that he would like to meet him and hear what he had to say. Well, shit. Will covered his face with his hands. The day could not have ended worse.

Hannibal, who had been watching the scenario from his table whilst his colleagues where deeply immersed in conversations smiled coldly as Will lowered his head and ultimately raised his wine glass to his mouth, enjoying what he had just witnessed.

Stalking the Prey

Baltimore, Maryland - Quantico - Washington D.C.

Thursday afternoon

Hannibal was curious. He could not wait to see the natural habitat of his former lover and his new prey he wanted to stake out.Yesterday's encounter had been very interesting, too. He never expected Will to meet in Washington and certainly not in this part of the city.If he had only entered, not met with Bedelia,it could have been the most interesting meeting. His lips curled into a smile up at the memory of the violent fantasy brought up by this encounter and the setting.

On top of that he wanted to peek behind the curtain of the FBI and the offer of Alana seemed to be the best opportunity of doing it. After finishing up the appointments — luckily no Franklyn today as he had called in sick one day before — he made his way to Quantico. When he got out, Alana was already waiting in the parking lot. She had a sincere and affectionate smile on her face. Alana Bloom was an attractive and highly intelligent woman in every way, and he was proud to have been her mentor.

She made her way towards him in a self-confident pace. "Hello, Hannibal" Alana greeted him enthusiastically as he stood in front of her. He smiled gently at her. "It is good to see you again, Alana." "I'm glad you could make it, Hannibal." She reciprocated in her pleasant and gentle voice. "I could use your help on a psychological profile. It's driving me mad."

Hannibal raised his eyebrows while both made their way now towards her office which was situated near the lecture hall where a certain Mr Graham would surely hold his lectures now. It would be pleasant to throw him off his guard, peeking inside one of the lectures. He would love to see the look on his face.

"You need my help? Alana, you were one of the best students I ever had the pleasure to accompany during the doctorate. It must be indeed one complex case to crack if you need my assistance."

Alana blushed and averted his eyes. "You are a gentleman as always, Hannibal. But yes, it's a particular hard one and I can't wrap my head around it. It's a psychological profile I should do for Jack Crawford, the head of the behavioural science unit of the FBI. He's as tenacious as any investigator could be. He pressures me all the time." She shook her head and glanced at him with her blue grey eyes, breathing in deeply to vent out her frustration while accelerating her pace towards the building they were heading to.

Hannibal guessed there was more she wanted to ask but she was either too embarrassed right now or she would wait for the right moment.

"Is there something else you want to tell me Alana?" Hannibal scrutinised her with his maroon eyes. She bit on her bottom lip.

“And...I need your help as therapist. I have a friend, a colleague, so to speak, called Will Graham, here in Quantico who wants to go into therapy. “ She paused again, correcting herself.“Whom I urged to look for professional help. And I want to introduce you to him because he’s working here.”

So she was on friendly terms with Will Graham. Interesting.

Hannibal gave her a fond smile. “I would very much like to meet him. Although I can’t promise to take in another new patient. My schedule is quite busy, I’m afraid. And as you know, Alana, therapy can only work if the patient is willing to.”

Alana took a deep breath, and a frown graced her pale face. “Yes, I know. He is difficult. Hard to reach. Always blocking me off. But I think I managed to reach out in my own way.”

This was what he had experienced himself. Vulnerability hidden behind an impenetrable barrier of rudeness and distance. He had been able to glimpse behind the barrier but was thrown out of his core, spit out in the most undignified way. Hannibal could not bear so much rudeness again, but he hesitated, contemplating his options.

He could make some money of this patient for some time although he was not sure how long he would like to bear him. Given the fact that Will Graham would accept him as a therapist but given their current standing it was unlikely.

“It seemed that you were already partially successful.” Hannibal remarked casually while they walked along the path towards the lecture hall. On the left there was another path, leading to an entrance where the offices of the professor and guest lecturers were located.

She laughed at his remark, merely replying “I wish I was.”

They reached the entrance, and Hannibal threw a curious glance at the glass windows of the lecture hall on the right side. But the class room was abandoned. Apparently they only just arrived during the lunch break. Too bad but maybe they would confront him later on. Hannibal could not wait to see the look on his face when he was confronting him again. He would find pleasure in his uncomfortable position and his reaction.

He gently opened the door for Alana which she gratefully accepted with an amiable smile on her face and they made her way to her cramped office she shared with another lecturer. She was only holding the status of a guest lecturer, so she didn’t have a large office but it was cozy. She showed him the case, and he was very intrigued. Of course she had asked Jack Crawford for his permission, but he simply told her to do her job and that he trusted her. Hannibal’s lips curled into a slight smile when she showed him the information she already got.

The methods of the killer were fascinating.

Beautiful.The work of God.

After giving her some vague ideal and suggestions on said profile, she showed him her draft of the article and the specific issues she needed some counsel on. It was unusual to help her

out that way given her academic success under his care but he would gladly assist. She could disclose significant and relevant information to him, maybe some concerning current investigations. It could never hurt to stay on track.

When they finished, it was already late in the afternoon and Alana winced at how fast time had gone by.

“I’m extremely sorry, Hannibal. I didn’t want to keep you in here that long.”She said, a little bit horrified at her lack of time management.

“It was my pleasure, Alana.“ Hannibal answered in his congenial and calm voice. “But I’m afraid I must leave soon. I have an evening appointment I must see to.”

Alana nodded, then threw a look at her smartphone where she received a message from Will. “And I’m afraid we have to postpone the conversation with Will.”She said to Hannibal apologetically. “He has to hurry after his lectures. Told me he had plans this evening and he needs to leave soon."

Hannibal sat still in her chair for some seconds, pondering what he should do. Maybe he would linger on the campus for a while, waiting until Will left. It was risky but he needed to try.

“No problem” Hannibal heard himself say. “I am sure there will be some more opportunities for arrangements. And as I have said before, I will need to check my schedule first.”

“Sure,” Alana answered. She got up from her chair at the desk, packing up her stuff, closing the files, turning off the computer. Hannibal got up, too, mirroring her movements. “Thanks for helping me out, Hannibal.”

"You’re welcome. Please feel free to call me . I will be delighted to help again with your case if I can and have a look at the victims if I may."

“I have to talk to Jack Crawford first. Besides I don’t want to stress you out, Hannibal. You surely have a lot on your plate with your patients,” Alana answered while they were leaving the room and heading back to the parking lot. “But thanks. I guess Crawford will sooner or later call you in anyway because I already made you part of it.”

Hannibal made a dismissive gesture with his hands while looking warmly at her before making his way to his car. "I can't say I that I don't have a lot of work to do, but I will do whatever I can to help my brilliant colleagues." Alana beamed at his offer.

“By the way,I can’t wait for what you come up with for our birthday dinner party on Saturday.” Alana added, smiling.

Hannibal chuckled. “Never ask. It would completely spoil the surprise.“

He hesitated for a moment before he asked. “Is your friend coming, too?” Alana nodded.

“I thought you could have a little conversation. He does not like to be ambushed.”She replied, looking away again.“Usually, I would not even do this. It seems that I adopted your

unconventional methods, Hannibal."

"Some patients require other approaches than others." Hannibal merely remarked. "There is nothing wrong with adopting your methods to the requirements of the situation."

Alana smiled. "I guess you are right as always, Hannibal. See you on Saturday!"

She had waved at him before she got into her SUV and drove away. He waited until her car disappeared in the distance. Hannibal made himself comfortable in his Bentley. And as luck would have it, a familiar silhouette made his way to the parking lot, too. Hannibal was pleased. He positioned himself that way Will couldn't detect him. He fetched out his smartphone and typed in a message and was intrigued whether he would receive an answer. A part of him wanted to drive him mad. It was his sadistic nature. The other part - well he wanted to get rid of it and cut it out. All the complex variables of human behaviour.

He would watch where the professor would head to and maybe put his plans into action. For some time he followed Will's car on the highway. Hannibal guessed he was heading to Washington again. It took all his focus and concentration to know where he was going. After a while he watched him taking turns in the city until he halted in the parking lot of the restaurant called The Oval Room. Sitting in his car, Hannibal sent a message to his colleagues to tell them he had found a suitable restaurant for dinner.

Bedelia arrived. Her choice of clothes was always enchanting but today she appeared to be even more radiant. The colour of her dress accentuated her deep blue eyes perfectly. He smiled at that sight. Being the perfect gentleman he was, he opened the door of her blue Chevrolet for her at the parking lot. Everything was matching so well and he was admirably impressed. "Thank you,Hannibal" She answered nonchalantly, while he kissed her hand. He looked around and saw other men dressed in an elegant suit approaching the entrance. "Shall we?" Hannibal asked her, smiling gently. "Of course" ,she answered, letting him guide her into the restaurant.

When they entered the restaurant, Hannibal saw Will sitting at the table with his apparent new flame. Despite the fact that he had chosen Bedelia as a suitable distraction, he knew when the pang of jealousy and wrath appeared in his chest that she was not a good substitution for him. But he tried to keep his composure as well as he could yet the watchful eyes of Bedelia were eying him from time to time, catching him when he was not fully immersed in his conversations. He hated that one psychiatrist with his condescending behaviour. He seemed to be convinced of himself yet the lack of knowledge when Hannibal asked him some questions was apparent. Dr. Chilton, that was his name, was just pathetic. Even Bedelia dissected him with her short yet precise questions, making him squirm and turn his head away towards the other psychiatrists whom he considered as pencil lickers.

He took a sip of the wine as he secretly watched Will immersing himself into the conversation with the young woman. Apparently he had been distracted, too and the woman was frowning in annoyance. Hannibal gloated over that.

“Do you know that man in the corner?” Bedelia asked him when they were seated and had ordered their meals.“He has been staring at you the whole time since we have arrived.” She said casually, taking a sip from her wine glass. He threw a direct glance at him and Will looked horrified. Hannibal pretended to be surprised.

“Just an acquaintance”, Hannibal answered curtly. Bedelia smiled. She knew he was more than that. Hannibal did not give it away yet her analytical mind sensed that they had been more than that. She was curious where this evening would go as she watched the young man throwing glances at him the whole evening over. “I see”, Bedelia answered coolly.

“No one to be worried about.” Hannibal heard himself say, as he started to eat, turning his head away for a moment.Bedelia raised one of her eyebrows. She did not believe him. The way Hannibal shifted his eyes away from her made that abundantly clear.

Hannibal looked at him again. The conversation seemed to go too well. He excused himself from the table and got up, passing them by. He felt Will’s hot gaze at him as he walked by. He smiled to himself, knowing that the young man was not honest with his date.

You are such a fool, boy.

But when he returned from the toilet, Hannibal did something he usually hated. It was discourteous and rude yet the angry impulse of punishing him even more overwhelmed him. He most certainly did not want him to be together with her. He decided he wanted to free him of this charade. When he approached their table, he smelled the new aftershave and noticed Will had changed it. Definitely a better choice than the cheap cologne but still not his favourite.

Hannibal sincerely enjoyed the shocked expression on his and his companion’s face as he walked back and the reaction of the young lady leaving the restaurant in anger.

Bedelia frowned, too, but she felt she had been correct in her assumptions as she watched her leave and the man linger at the table.They returned to their conversations, pretending nothing had happened.

But she was curious where this strange triangle relationship between them would lead to. She was clever enough to sense that there was more underneath the skin of the man next to her than she perceived during their first meeting. The way he manipulated the evening for his advantage and pleasure made it obvious.

When they decided to leave she figured out it was best to withdraw from the drama for now to figure it out and not come under the fire line. When they slept together she sensed exactly that Hannibal did not want more from her than mere distraction. Bedelia felt she did not want to be a surrogate or being used as a pawn in a game She made that clear to Hannibal with a remark when they said their goodbyes while he kissed her on the cheeks, looking at Will. The best was to watch from the sideline and to get a larger picture of him during their future therapy sessions.

He did not follow her as she left him standing in the restaurant.

Washington D.C. The Oval Room - Wolf Trap, Virginia

The clangor of wine glasses raised up in the air. The noisy chattering in the currently crowded room of the restaurant droned in the sensitive ears of the empath who was still staring at the message on his display, reading it over and over again. People were carefully tilting their heads towards the corner of the table where the unfortunate theatre play had come to an end, throwing furtive glances at him, whispering, frowning, laughing at the same time. Will was still sitting at the table as if he had been carved into stone. The young waiter in the black suit approached the table, giving him an irritated and judging look while picking up the empty fine china plate in front of him to take it away to the kitchen. Finally coming to his senses again, Will threw a dark and angry look at Hannibal who, after noticing he was being watched, hold his gaze, provocatively, unyielding and triumphant, claiming his victory.

There was evident anger in Will that he needed to vent out yet the group of guests Hannibal surrounded himself with made it impossible without bringing himself into another embarrassing position. He waved at the young waiter dressed in a black suit to bring him the bill. The latter was very reluctant, overlooking him and serving the other guests first. Will exploited the opportunity to fling another glance at the table where Hannibal had been seated. The group started to dissolve.

Everyone of said group was standing near the entrance now, fetching their coats. Will cursed inwardly. He wanted to confront Hannibal for what he did to him this evening, but he didn't want to embarrass himself either but damn it, he was so angry, disappointed and hurt. When Hannibal kissed the elegant woman in that marvellous tight haute couture dress on the cheeks, hastily throwing a sideways glance at him to where he was currently waiting, Will could not contain his anger and bitterness any longer. Will thrusted the money for the bill on the table, put his jacket on and walked towards the door where Hannibal and the woman were currently barring the door, undoubtedly saying their goodbyes.

Hannibal, who sensed the angry and intense stare of Will on him didn't bother to step to the side. It seemed as if he wanted to wait for all of them to leave until no one was left but Will didn't bother to stop. He also made no movements to stop Will in what he was doing.

As he pushed him and his companion to the side, Will could feel the cold disapproval and disappointment of the psychiatrist and his companion at his behaviour but he didn't care anymore and didn't stop to apologize. The emotions were overpowering him. Enough was enough and he wanted to get away.

He pushed the doors open and disappeared into the night, taking a deep breath, feeling the shivering cold of the rainy night on his face before heading to his car around the corner.For a moment he waited in the car, contemplating whether he should have waited in the restaurant until everyone had left but he shook it off and got in the car.

Will fetched out his smartphone from his pocket and started to type but then he thought better of it.

What was he supposed to say after this cataclysm today anyway? Sorry I dated someone else because you are such a dickhead? Fuck you for ruining my evening and stalking on me? Fuck, I love you ?

His first priority was Beverly, and he would decently apologize to her tomorrow. If he was completely honest with himself, he only would want to wipe the slate clean in case he should ever had to go to the lab where she worked although the chances were reasonably low at the moment. But when he came to think of it, he had to visit the lab for some interviews with experts on specific topics for his monograph. Personal conflicts would come in unhandy. Either way, Will did not intend to linger here more than necessary and got in the car, leaving the restaurant as quickly behind him as he could, speeding up the car a bit too harshly, not caring whether he broke the speed limit or not. When he arrived back home, he needed to soothe his nerves with two glasses of whiskey before he let out the dogs for some minutes. No storm was announced for tonight. Will was glad to have found someone from the local boarding kennel dropping by and taking care of them. Especially today had been a long day and he had a bad conscience calling Alana all the time to look out for his dogs.

Tears of frustration welled up in his eyes when he thought about the whole mess he found himself in.He gripped the glass so tightly it nearly broke, while he stood outside at the porch, watching the dogs jump around, wagging their tails. Sporadically he gave a whistle and made sure they didn't stray off too far while he played with them, making them apport their favourite toys. He was too tired to go for a walk in the darkness. Currently, he was tired of everything. Alana was right. There was no escape of the poisoned arrow of Cupid. He wondered whether he should make a fresh start somewhere else and trade Baltimore for the docks somewhere at the coast. But he undoubtedly knew he would not earn a decent salary. It would require some planning and further savings. To be honest he was tired of running away.

He was torn from his train of thoughts when the dogs were currently growling and barking agitatedly. "Buster!" Wendy!" Will called, frowning, peering through the darkness. No sound of coyotes or any other animals could be heard, neither could he spot anyone. Will hoped it was only an animal and he swiftly ran to the dogs to bring them back into the house before he glanced at his surroundings with a rifle in his hands and took careful steps towards the trees behind the house. He listened intently. No sound was to be heard except for the wind. Will sneaked around the house, ever careful and vigilant but no one was there. It was too dark to look for suspicious tracks - he would take care of it the next day. He yawned. The day had been long and he was too tired and too worn.

Inside the house he cleaned the fur of his dogs, making sure they were all well before he undressed and threw himself into the mattress with his smartphone, staring at the message of Hannibal for some minutes, wondering what on earth he should do. Few minutes later, sorrow and frustration tore at his heart and in the safety of his house he sobbed over the shitty ending of the day and the mess he found himself in. The feelings he had pushed away overwhelmed him like the giant waves Alana had spoken of.

The archangel did not speak to him, at a loss of finding the right words but watched him suffering. The tiny pale wings usually erect hanging down on his back as a sign of sadness. For once, the devil was silent, too, merely rolling his eyes and jerking his head, crossing its tiny red arms on the red upper body, swallowing the "I told you not to do it " as the angel directed a furious look at him.

In the shadows of the trees on the back of Will's house, Hannibal, dressed in his plastic suit, equipped with an hypodermic needle as well as a knife in his hand stood watching from a safe distance, avoiding the suspicion of the dogs. He had followed him in an unobtrusive way back to Wolf Trap Virginia from the restaurant after Will had jostled into him. This behaviour was unacceptable. He had endured a lot of rudeness of this man, but it was finally time to let him go. One day he would come to peace with his feelings.So he thought. When he saw Will bringing his dogs into the house, he disappeared quickly behind the tree.

It was difficult though to not step on the branches on the ground which creaked under his footsteps. Hannibal hesitated. Dogs were an excellent early warning system, and he would be recognised immediately if he tried to enter the house. Will surely had a gun or another weapon to defend himself and he had the physique of someone well-trained and capable to fight fiercely.

He was right. Will came back out of the house with a rifle in his hand, walking into his direction. Hannibal hid himself as well as possible in the shelter of the oak and luckily his prey did not spot him.

Hannibal made another decision. No, he would wait for another possible opportunity but it was handy to know where he lived and at which time he would be home again after leaving the academy.

He watched Will return into the house again and he drew closer to the windows to get a better view.

Hannibal frowned and listened as attentively as possible. The sound of whimpering resounded in his ears when he approached the windows and it tore at his heart. It was not the yawping of the dogs but the familiar voice of Will. Hannibal closed his eyes at the sound, trying to relish in his distress but he failed and an ache seized his heart. He never felt that kind of sadness or pain before when listening someone crying even though it was one of his lovers. Strangely enough it wounded Hannibal to listen to him crying. Hannibal's face turned bland and inscrutable. He did not know what to do in this moment. If you were partial to beef products, it would be inconvenient to love a cow. But he knew Will was more than a cow.

From the spot he was standing he could catch a glimpse of the room in which Will lived. He saw him curled up in his blanket, lying in his bed, obviously crying.Hannibal slowly drew back into the darkness, walking to his car in the distance, struggling with what he had just witnessed.

Apology (Beverly)

Quantico, Virginia

The cafeteria of the BAU was not particularly well known for its good coffee, but it was a convenient point to meet with someone to talk in private as it was not too crowded with FBI agents or students in the morning. It was vast enough to have a talk in the corner without the danger of being overheard. Will desperately hoped he could get it over with quickly and find some peace in this matter to make things work for a possible professional relationship with Beverly. The cafe was not far from the lecture hall nor from the lab so he could fit it into his schedule which was especially tight today as he was invited for the opening of the evil research museum. Alana urged him to come, but he did not know why. Probably to irritate him again. Will frowned. The name sounded so profoundly pathetic and heavy, he felt already contempt and disrespect for that that person who had suggested it and dreaded the opening which he felt would be a waste of time. In said time he could have gone home, prepared his fishing lures and rods and ground himself in the stream again.

The morning was freezing. The cold wind stung on his face like needles. It was the first day of december. He was lost in thoughts and still marked by the emotional rollercoaster ride of last night and the last days. As Will walked up the path from the building next to the lecture hall where his office was located he gave the students passing him by, staring at him curiously and uncomfortably longingly rather unfriendly stare to avoid being asked questions at this hour before the lessons even began. He heard the young women giggling and he let out an annoyed sigh. The objectification by the graduating students felt hellish wrong.

Unlike the other form of objectification. You know what I'm speaking of, the devil remarked amusedly.

He entered the dull grey building held in the architecture of the 80s and headed to the self-service counter to buy himself a coffee and a crumpet before walking over to one of the tables in the corner of the medium sized cozy room. The scent of coffee mingled with that of freshly baked pastries. Will felt how hungry he was after skipping breakfast again. Beverly had already fetched a cup of coffee and was making her way to one of the poseur tables next to the huge glass windows. She didn't bother sitting down either. It suited Will just fine. Her face was neither amiable nor hostile when he approached her.

Beverly greeted him with a frosty smile as he ultimately detected her. "Good morning, Will." "Thank you for coming" Will simply said, his eyes shielded by his glasses today first meeting hers, then focusing on the cup. Will stood face-to-face with her at the poseur table yet she kept her distance. "Don't mention it" she answered before she looked at him in expectation." Well? " She asked, raising her eyebrows. It took him a moment before he found the right words. His mouth opened and closed while he stirred with his spoon in his coffee cup.

"Well, I simply wanted to apologize, Beverly." Beverly still didn't say anything. "It was not fair what I did." Will continued, feeling uncomfortable. "Yeah, it was." Beverly answered. "But I'm glad you had the guts to apologize. I've had many guys in the past that didn't. "

Will didn’t know how to react but try to smile.“ It’s the least I could do. ”He said, taking some sips form his coffee.“ You still think of him, don’t you? ”Beverly asked, still watching him and his behaviour.“ You love him. ”

Her averted her eyes again, pushing his glasses up onto his nose. The puzzled expression on his face told Beverly enough that she was correct in her assumptions. “Yes, I do.” Will answered through gritted teeth, gripping his coffee mug tightly.

"That’s the reason I wanted to tell you that..." ”"It’s okay,” Beverly interjected cooly, throwing her hair back, regarding him with a far-off look on her face. “I knew you would eventually say that.”

“I hope you find someone who really deserves you.” Will murmured finally after an embarrassed silence fell between them while they drank their coffee and cappuccino and he ate his pastry.

“And I hope you can let him go,” Beverly said, her eyebrows arched in disapproval.“ He’s a jerk, if you ask me. ”

The archangel in his head nodded vehemently. See, she’s totally right. I told you.

Will didn’t answer to that, choosing to willfully ignore both his voice of reason and her warning. He would need to find out for himself whether her and his uncomfortable suspicions were both correct. The only way was to come back to him again somehow.

“Trust me,” Beverly said when she felt his hesitation. “My hunch is usually right. I’ve had my share of idiots. This one seems to be a special type of idiot to me. ” “Well,” Will answered thoughtfully.“ He’s not the only one that behaved like an idiot. In fact it was me who ran off after the first date and didn’t apologize to him. ”

Beverly looked at him with a sceptical expression on his face. “Alright, that’s not great either. But still..it was such a stupid move. “ Having said that, she threw a look through the windows, then glanced at the other corners of the cafe which started to get more crowded and noisy with students. It did not take long and the room was crammed with people. Will imitated her behaviour, feeling everything was said that needed to be said. He sensed it was soon time to leave before the incoming noise drained his inner batteries which needed to be full the whole day over. The weekend was going to be stressful, too.

“Anyway I got to go now. Break’s over and there’s a whole lot to do in the lab.” She said. A sigh left her mouth.

“You’re working on a new case?” Will asked curiously. His interest was aroused and his heart beat faster.

Occasionally although he did not utter it in front of other colleagues, he missed field work. It could be distracting and fascinating if it wasn’t for the bodies and the disgusting smell and the blood and the pictures burned in his mind. He recalled the times as a detective in homicide. He would not have to think of his lovesickness and his aching heart all the time

even though he had his lectures or research. Going into the field was something different. Practical work. He envied her in secret.

“Yeah. We found a victim some time ago. No leads yet. He’s cunning. Apart from that I’m often deposed in court for other cases. I’m providing evidence for the conviction of a serial rapist at the moment. “ She said, her face darkening. Will shuddered as he felt through his empathy that she was already thinking about the horror the victim went through and the evidence. He could imagine it vividly.

“I don’t envy you” Will remarked, shaking his head while he made his way to put his cup on a tray.

“But I envy you. You did well in securing yourself a teaching post. ” She said, looking at him sideways while she did the same.

“I really am though I do miss the field work now and then. I do wish I was an agent sometimes. ” Will heard himself say, cursing himself in an instant for this revelation.

“You’ve never been an agent?” She asked, frowning while both were walking quickly to the entrance. He didn’t tell her that during their date. “No... Strict screening procedures. ” Will averted her eyes, his voice rough and unfriendly now.

Beverly’s mouth fell open in profound astonishment. “You’re unstable?”

Soon after she felt this was not the question she should have asked for Will’s features became closed off and defensive again if not annoyed at her question and it threw him off balance.

“I’m just different,” He curtly answered while accompanying her to the entrance. “I don’t have the stomach for the murders. I pulled out of homicide because I couldn’t pull the trigger. ”

Beverly and Will were currently standing in front of the cafeteria, looking at each other before saying their goodbyes. She was wary but watched him sympathetically now that she knew more about him. They didn’t talk a lot about it during the date, and he was glad about evading such topics.

She touched his arm in a kind gesture before she left. “Listen, whatever you do. Don’t run after him. You deserve better, too. ”His face grew softer and he nodded.“ Thanks. “

Beverly winked at him. “You can call me any time for a coffee or lunch. We can still be friends. ” She looked as if she meant it and he wanted to believe it. Will smiled at her. Not a tense but a sincere one. He was indeed glad the conversation got this way and he could have someone else to turn to talk to except for Alana because sometimes he bitterly hated his loneliness and dependence on her as his only friend.

“Hang in there. I hope you discover something, a lead, anything", Will said unusually encouraging before turning around. He’d have to hurry now to his office and the lecture hall. He would be busy today until the late afternoon where the opening ceremony would be held. She grinned and turned to walk into the opposite direction.

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When the lessons and his tasks were finally over and done, Will walked over to another high-rise building of the FBI, following the crowds of agents, students into the vast foyer with the white marble floors, passing through different hallways, taking the escalators until he arrived at the basement of the building. At the end of the floor, there was a new huge blue sign next to a black door saying “EVIL MIND RESEARCH MUSEUM. ” The crowd came to a halt. The head of the behavioural analysis unit Will knew to be as special agent Jack Crawford, a man with sturdy physique and a stern look on his face, radiating authority and the wish not to be crossed with at any times and the head of the whole criminal investigation division stood in front of the barriers that were erected to stop the crowd from entering until the speech was over “Silence, please” some of the agents in charge called to stop the chattering of the trainees, teachers and professors. Will looked around until he discovered the head of Alana in the crowd and fought himself through the agents and students until he stood beside her. She smiled as she recognised him and said in a low voice “Hi” before she turned her head back to the front where the director started his speech.

“It’s quite something, don’t you think?” Alana murmured to him. He rolled his eyes and simply remarked “I think it’s pathetic. ” She gave him an odd look. “You just can’t label the mind as“evil”, it is way too complex for that. There is not only black and white but nuances. ” Will explained to her.“ Would you call someone who killed another person out of righteousness necessarily evil? ”Alana merely raised one of her eyebrows, but she nodded.“ Alright but “The Mind of Serial Killers-Is-Way-Too-Complex-Research Museum” would rather be long, don’t you think? ”She said teasingly.“ No but how about the “Serial Killer Research Museum? ” Will suggested, shrugging his shoulders before listening again.” True,” Alana admitted, grinning.

Some time after when they were entering the museum along with the rest of the crowd, Will felt the stare of Crawford, the man who had explained the concept of the museum, resting on his back. He chose to ignore it. “I would just like to warn you that Jack Crawford wants you back in the field,” Alana whispered as she noticed Crawford looking into their direction while they strolled along the displayed artefacts, letters. “Because of the serial killer you’re supposed to profile ?” Will asked her, while they were looking at the displayed artefacts like paintings of a killer called the Killer Clown who had murdered boys in Chicago dressed up as a clown and dismembered their bodies and hidden them under floor boards. “Yes”, Alana answered, biting on her lips.

There were pencil drawings of Jesus with the Crown next to paintings of landscape which were extremely accurate but also a painting of a clown named “Pogo the Clown. ” It was fascinating yet horrifying that this mind could produce such marvellous paintings and drawings.

They heard steps behind them as they were just making their way to the exhibitions of another killer called Jeffrey Dahmer, a cannibalistic serial killer and they turned around. It was Jack Crawford who was looking at Alana and Will “Dr Bloom? ” They heard his booming voice as they walked along the hall oft the exhibition. They turned around as he approached them. He greeted Alana before his gaze found Will. “Mr. Graham? ” Crawford turned to him. Jack Crawford offered his hand, and Will shook it. “I’m Jack Crawford.”

“Nice to meet you”, Will replied, a bit taken aback and reserved. Will crossed his arms on his chest while he waited to hear what the head of the behavioural analysis unit required from both of them. “What do you think of the museum?” Crawford asked casually, trying to make conversation.

“I think the name is quite inappropriate, Mr. Crawford” Will heard himself speak in his usual sulky and rough manner.

Crawford raised an eyebrow. “Oh, really? And why is that? ” Alana looked from one to another.

"I think it’s too dramatic and unhelpful to simplify the mind of serial killers as evil.”

Will answered with an annoyed look on his face. "It does not help to understand their way of thinking."

"I disagree," Jack Crawford answered in his authoritarian and stern voice. “I can’t find any other name that sums up the thinking and acting of this kind of people more appropriately.

Will sighed. People liked to put labels on things they feared to understand.

Mr Crawford waited for his next opportunity. “I’ve heard from Dr Bloom you can understand the thinking of killers very well. That you have an active imagination”, Jack said quietly as Will was silent for some minutes. Alana looked at Jack in disbelief. Will felt betrayed.So she had given Crawford intimate information about his mind despite their agreement she would not do this?

“Well yes. I understand them uncomfortably well”, Will murmured, feeling annoyed at being interrogated like this.

“Where do you fall in the spectrum?” Crawford asked gently. “My mind is hitched to the horse of Aspergers and autism than to the mind of to narcissists and sociopaths." Will snarled coldly.

“But you can emphasize with them?” Jack asked back, intrigued, unimpressed by his demeanour.

“I can emphasize with anybody.” Will answered, starting to dislike the man.

Alana stared at Jack, getting angry at his open ambush and betrayal.

“Jack, I don’t think, it’s wise-,"

But he interrupted her with a dismissive gesture and pushed himself in front of Will.

“Look, I don’t want to sound rude but we could use your help.” Jack Crawford said to him, looking at him hopefully. “There’s a serial killer on the loose. We need more capable people and after what I’ve been told you have talents that are wasted here.”

Will pursed his lips. The thought of going back into the field was tempting as he did not have to think about this man anymore. Despite him being unable to stomach murders. He also sensed Crawford would be hard to shake off. Alana eyed him worriedly.

“Fine.” Will said as Crawford was getting impatient and waiting for an answer. He would not be leaving without getting what he wanted. “I’ll think about it and call you.”

Crawford looked at him. It was not the answer that he had expected given the urgency of the situation but he gave him his number with a tense smile and joined the head of the whole criminal investigation division and some other important people again.

He stared at him as he went back to the people dressed in their fine suits who were about to leave the building.

Alana looked at him in disapproval before looking at her watch again. “You really should reconsider this, Will,” She said to him. “This could be bad for you.” He averted her eyes and did not reply, annoyed about the fact that she acted as his mother whereas she was the one that brought him into this situation.

“I have to go.” Will said resolutely. “See you tomorrow.” He hugged her and turned around to leave.

She stared at him as he walked away in a decisive pace,her eyes worried and her lips pursed.

An Unexpected Reunion

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will's resolution to not be involved in field work resolved in the morning when Jack Crawford called him. When the smartphone rang he wondered who the hell would call him that early on a Saturday before realising what he had said yesterday afternoon to Jack Crawford.

Another part of him hoped that it was Hannibal who called him although he knew it was stupid to hope as he hadn't replied to his message. Cursing, he sat upright in bed and looked at the bright screen whose light burned in his eyes. The number was unknown. Whoever called him would not give up easily. It kept vibrating in his hands until he sighed and answered the call.

"Mr Graham?" He heard Jack's voice at the phone."Sorry if I woke you up." Will rolled his eyes for he knew that Crawford was not really sorry. There was no real sympathy or apology in his voice."Just call me Will" he heard himself murmur drowsily."Fine, Will. Look, I know you said you'd call me but.."“I'll do it." Will said curtly, he hissed through gritted teeth.

Jack Crawford sounded pleased. "The reason is that we have not made a lot of progress on that case yet and the parents keep pressuring us. It's a high-profile case so I'd really appreciate it if you could come to the lab to look at the body.."

Will rubbed his eyes, yawned and got out of the bed. He hated himself for his weakness already. "Fine, I'll be there in an hour." "Thank you-." Jack Crawford said, sounding relieved and grateful. Will hung up, not saying his goodbye.

For a moment he contemplated on writing to Alana concerning the birthday party. He knew how long the special agents would work if there was a murder case. He knew he'd have to eventually travel but maybe he could slip out of it, saying he had to go back to the academy to do some research. he didn't owe him his life.

Behavioural Analysis Unit, Quantico

Will arrived at Quantico at around 9.30 and headed to the entrance of the lab. It was a Saturday but the department was still crowded with agents and trainees, rushing around in the areas and the corridors.He barely made a step into the building when a familiar looking person made his way towards him. It was Jack Crawford.

"Hello Will" he greeted him friendly, while looking at him from head to toe, analysing him. "Glad you could make it." Will murmured just „No problem" and stayed reserved. His face did not mirror the friendliness of Crawford and he was still annoyed at his rather patronising behaviour. "May I?" Crawford asked courteously and pushed the glasses on Will's nose further back up.It took all of Will's self control to not say anything rude to the agent. Instead he shot an irritated glare at him, breathing in deep in annoyance. Jack smiled back instead.

“Shall we?“He asked Will who just nodded and tried to keep pace with him.”We’re not going to the lab. First I’m going to tell you everything what we’ve got before we stir up forensics.” They left the department and made way to the room where the task force was briefed.

In front of said room another man was waiting and looking at his watch on his wrist. He was dressed in an elegant brown suit and looked very familiar to Will. Will recognised him immediately but tried to keep his face neutral though his heart sank and for some seconds he could not breathe. He should have known all along that their paths would cross like this again.

Oh, this is going to be fun, the devil sneered in his mind. I wonder what you’re going to do, Graham.

The man wearing a visitor badge turned around to greet them “Dr. Lecter” Crawford greeted him as courteous as he could be. “Thank you for waiting.” Hannibal turned around and watched both men in astonishment. “My pleasure” Hannibal replied, smiling fondly at Crawford and shook the hand of the special agent first before turning to Will, hesitating for some moments. His smile was icier this time and his maroon eyes were friendly yet distant. Jack eyed the men, sensing that there was kind of a tension between them in the first minutes of their meeting, probably wondering what the reason was. Their gazes were intense and lasted for several seconds. “This is Will Graham who is teaching criminal psychology at the academy in Quantico and who is going to work in the field with you and me and Dr Bloom.”

Hannibal’s eyes seemed to soften at the notation that Will was going to work with him and gave Will a gentle, nearly apologising smile.

”Will, this is Dr Lecter who was referred to me by Dr Bloom” Jack said, waiting for Will to shake the hand of the psychiatrist which didn’t seem to happen. After some seconds, Will finally decided to touch the hand of his previous lover but retreated quickly, flinching back as if a wasp had stung him.

Will stared at the psychiatrist, still eying him distrustfully and sulkily as he noted the sudden change from his previous tense and icy demeanour to a friendlier one. He gave him a polite smile then looked away quickly, crossing his arms on his chest. No need to give Jack more hints about their shared past.

They entered the room which was equipped with the bulletin board where the pictures of the missing girls where pinned on a map. Lines connected the pictures with the map. They stood a few metres apart from each other.Will was on his guard.

“Will, you are going to work together with Dr Lecter on this case. He will be your assistance.” Jack said, looking from one to another. Will was irritated. Why did Jack bring him here if he had Alana and Hannibal at his disposal? This did not make any fucking sense to him. Both of them were excellent psychiatrists.

“Sorry Mr. Crawford” Hannibal interrupted cooly, frowning, “But I have a lot of patients who have I cannot neglect. I cannot allow to work full time with Mr Graham on this case as you will surely understand.” He paused. “Besides, he is far more specialised in this field than I am.”

Will had to hold back a snort at this attempt of praise. But inwardly he thanked Hannibal, for trying to slip out of this mess. He would have loved to drop out, too to be honest. Just to punch or kiss this man and let him drag him home. Still he was a tad more relaxed now and dropped his guard a little bit and let his arms sink, opening up.

Hannibal stared at him sideways recognising Will's change of behaviour.But Will kept his eyes focussed on Jack Crawford because he did not want to torture himself further. He did not want to show Jack he had seen this man before. That he had fucked him and he was in a kind of private war with him and kept thinking about him day and night and that he still wanted him although chances were growing smaller. Especially now in a professional relationship.

Jack Crawford interjected and chuckled for some seconds. " I understand. And I don't want you to work as a full-time special agent. But you have written excellent articles, for example, uh on Evolutionary Origins of Social Exclusion. I consider myself a layman, you know."

Hannibal raised his eyebrows and let out a soft chuckle. "A layman? You are head of the behavioural science of the FBI and you consider yourself a layman?"

Will was wondering the same thing.It was as if Hannibal was able to read his thoughts.

"Compared to you, Doctor, yes." Jack Crawford admitted. "Even as head of this department you still learn new things everyday. And I was thoroughly impressed with your works."

Hannibal smiled. Will just rolled his eyes.

"Why am I here then, Jack?" Will said rather unfriendly."You have the best psychiatrist here for doing the profile, what do you need me for?"

The special agent gave him a stern look, not pleased with his behaviour. Hannibal said nothing. He was accustomed to the snarling of Will and merely pursed his lips.

" You are here because the more people we can set up on this case, the faster we can catch this killer. This is serious and a huge media interest. One girl has been found and the other ones are probably dead, too." Jack said in his booming voice, walking up to the bulletin board where he pointed at the latest victim. "This girl, Victoria Anderson, is the daughter of the senator of Virginia, Mark Anderson and we have a lot of pressure here. This is why I called everyone in. You two and Alana Bloom, plus the forensic team. The sooner we solve this case, the sooner you can go back to your previous position." He gave Will a long stare. " But, of course, Dr Lecter, I understand you can't be available all the time. "

No pressure here, Will thought to himself. Great. Goodbye to the birthday party and goodbye to private life. Especially relationships.

His heart ached again. But he did not want it any other way.

"I understand that this man has to be caught fast" Hannibal agreed politely. "I think I can help Will to see his face. I have already gathered some information from Dr Bloom and I think I might be able to help with the psychoanalytical approach." He stared openly at

Will,gentle, probably hoping to get some reassurance or more eye contact. Will ignored the remark of his new colleague, irritated by the fondness in his voice and gaze and simply returned the piercing gaze of Jack. He nodded and drew closer to the bulletin board and looked at the pictures of the girls and the notes next to it.

Hannibal watched him intently from behind while he drew nearer as well, too uncomfortably near for Will who could smell his cologne again which clouded his mind. Hannibal's hand brushed against his which caused Will to flinch.

Oh, please no. You bastard, Will thought to himself while he felt his pants tighten again. Not again this shit. He took a deep breath and waited until his erection died down. He sincerely hoped that Hannibal did not notice anything yet he felt the psychiatrist's gaze on him. Will stubbornly avoided his gaze and drew back after having studied the board.

"All the girls have the same age, the same height, a similar appearance. They were students and went to universities in Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee and Georgia. The recent victim went to the university of Richmond, here in a Virginia." Jack said. "They disappeared within eight months and only one has been found so far."

"Where has she been found? Anything else we are supposed to know? " Will asked, gripping the case file that Jack Crawford had handed him and started to go through the description, ignoring Hannibal and not offering him to have a look.

He already had to swallow at the sight of the victim in the photographs taken at home in her bed. She had auburn hair, she was pale like a ghost and she had pink lips. The bloody holes in her wrists and feet from the nails being banged in. It seemed the victim had been crucified. The incisions on her body showing the removal of the organs. The Her blue eyes wide open and staring into space. On other pictures her body was covered with a linen sheet. A reminiscence of the Turin shroud.

Again, Hannibal drew suspiciously close and looked at the file. Will looked at him from the corners of this eyes, hoping to tell him with the annoyed stare that he should back off for fuck's sake which Hannibal did after shortly glimpsing at the information.

"At home", Jack Crawford said, pointing at the file in his hands. "We already went to see Mark Anderson and interviewed him and his wife. We got everything from the local PD. Everything's in that file. As far as we know the victim was supposed to be on a trip with other members of a local church group one week ago but she didn't return and she was reported missing. She was supposed to be at home on Sunday and feed the cat. The victim was put back in her bed, covered in a linen sheet. They found her on Wednesday evening in their apartment in Richmond at 8 pm in her bed. We have received her body on Wednesday night ."

"What about her friends? Anyone suspicious? Did the PD check if thereby were any strangers she had been in contact with?" Will asked.

Jack Crawford sighed. "We're still on it. The PD just covered the basics. Mrs Anderson said she was an introvert girl and never talked much about new friends at home. Apparently the relationships between them was not that great. Mrs Anderson said she spent a lot of time at

the church or at university. So that is where we have to look next. We need to interview her friends and look at whom she had been in contact with. And we need to check on the other victim's friends, too if there are some patterns."

Will didn't look too enthusiastic, his face growing dark thinking about the busy schedule the coming weeks that lay ahead of him. Crawford who noticed the shift in his demeanour said:"I'm not letting you do all the fundamental investigative work alone , if that's what you're worried about." He paused. "That's not your job.We're sending out some agents and officers to do most of the interviews." Will just nodded. But that didn't mean he could not be called out in the middle of the night.

"Any linkage to previous murders?" Will continued, his brows furrowed, while staring at the image of the injuries and browsing through the detailed information of the injuries. He was feeling nauseous just because he could already visualise the suffering the girl must have endured.

Crawford sighed. " No, we have checked our database and cases of known murderers. Nothing. The only possibility might be the Chesapeake Ripper who has not been active in the last two years and who had removed the organs in his previous victims as well. "

Hannibal's lips curled into a slight smile at the mention of the Ripper which was overlooked by Crawford and Will.

Will frowned. "I don't think it's the Ripper. The methods here are not refined enough, if you ask me, Jack. Too crude."

Hannibal smiled again. *You are right, boy.*

Crawford shrugged his shoulders. "Maybe he is, maybe not. Never say never. Fact is the killer has mutilated the body, displayed it and removed some organs. That's what the Ripper did, too."He answered.

"I think it might be best to not open another Pandora's box" Hannibal suggested. "And to focus on what the killer actually wants to convey."

" Exactly. This is where you two are supposed to help us." Crawford said impatiently. "We could not discover semen or saliva on her body. No internal injuries. Nothing that hints at a sex crime."

He paused and looked at Will and Hannibal who were contemplating and still looking at the given information and pictures. Jack was especially targeting Will. "What do you see? What kind of crazy is he? "

"I can imagine that the killer has a twisted version of religion in his mind as I have already discussed with Dr Bloom before",Hannibal suggested in his smooth voice when Will didn't react.

Crawford pondered on this for a moment.

"Maybe you have a point. One thing they had in common was that all of them were members of the Baptist or Protestant church. Some of them were involved in church projects for the youth as far as we have found out from the reports and the police departments, some others weren't."

Will was suddenly astounded. Interesting. There was a connection, a deeper connection he had not sensed before even though they had spent the night together. That they understood each other's way of thinking. Hannibal seemed to think the same as he nodded.

"A sacrifice...the girl serving as a new lamb of god. It's kind of a psychosis I suppose in which he thinks he has to do something for God. " Will replied, meeting the gaze with the psychiatrist again.

"He might think he needs to offer the world a new Jesus. To redeem the world..or his world. " Hannibal continued.

Will clicked his tongue while he thought about it."Fair enough. That could possible be the motive but that doesn't explain why he put her back into the bed all of a sudden and why he exactly chose the girls that way. We need to check with forensics."

He looked at the pictures again. A thought crossed his mind. "He has a daughter at the same age, Jack. He can't do to her what he did to the others. "

"How do you know?" Jack Crawford asked him, impressed.

"Because it's what you said. They have the same hair, the same age, the same eye-colour."

"He seems to share a love for her in his own way." Hannibal added quietly, staring at Will in secret who was too lost in thoughts to notice his glances.

Crawford frowned and furrowed his brows. "That's a really messed up form of love."

"From his perspective it makes a lot of sense" Hannibal gave back. "He does not want to hurt her."

The special agent nodded when he heard their thoughts. He was content that the two of them were more or less getting along. At the beginning he feared that they would not get along with each other at all.

Will paced through the room agitatedly and knew there was no other choice. He had to go to the victim,a parents and revisit the death scene and look for clues or connections among the friends of the victim or at the local church group. Even if it had to be with Hannibal. He could not change the fact they were colleagues now.

Silence fell between the men while everyone was contemplating and professing information.

"What bothers me most is, why did he place the victim back into the bed when he did not do this to the other girls? " Crawford said.

"I'm not entirely sure." Will answered, thinking hard, pressing fingers against his temples.

"Can I have a look at the corpse, please?“ Will asked, rubbing his face with his hands. He was still tired and the pictures started to get to him. But he didn’t have another choice. “You know I have to visualize everything. Pictures are good and all but I need to see the victim.”

Crawford nodded. “I agree. Let’s get to work. Follow me, please.” Jack Crawford said to both and they left the room, making way to the lab.

Will decided as soon as they finished their job, he was finally going to confront Hannibal either here, after revisiting the crime scene or at the party because he wanted clarity and answers once and for all. An ending and a new beginning. Something to reset their current standing in their relationship to absolute zero.Something cleansing and relieving like a purgatory. No more running away, no more ignoring messages or calls on his part and hopefully no more sabotaged dates.

As long as this matter was unsettled it would distract him from thinking clearly which he would need in this situation. He could not allow himself his judgment to be clouded.

He was not sure how long he could hide this affair and his feelings from Jack who had been suspicious at the beginning anyway. Will wondered what the future might bring for them both.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading so far.

I hope you liked some chapters of it - the last one is not good or accurate when it comes to crime investigation but I’m going to adjust it.

:)

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!